

THIRTY CENTS

JULY 12, 1963

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

New Spirit in the Ould Sod



PRIME MINISTER
SEAN LEMASS



MR. SPACHIE

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, July 11

The World of Jacqueline Kennedy (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).^{*} Portrait-in-action of America's First Lady. Repeat.

Saturday, July 13

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A businessman (Arthur Hill) is told he is to die of leukemia. He kills his partner in a state of shock and is defended by the Prestons.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). Tyrone Power and Ava Gardner in *The Sun Also Rises*.

Sunday, July 14

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Part 1 of "Franco's Spain." Assessment of his regime by Franco, government spokesmen and members of the opposition. Repeat.

Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Dramatization with music of Ludwig van Beethoven's middle years. Karl Boehm stars as the composer. First of two parts. Color. Repeat.

ABC News Reports (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "The White House West Wing" and its inhabitants—Presidential Aides McGeorge Bundy, Theodore Sorensen, Lawrence O'Brien, P. Kenneth O'Donnell and Pierre Salinger.

Monday, July 15

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *An Affair to Remember*, starring Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.

Tuesday, July 16

Talent Scouts (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Stars Helen Hayes, Carol Channing, Jack Carter and Jonathan Winters introduce new talent.

Report from Paris (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A look at the new Paris, from supermarkets to traffic.

RECORDS

Cleopatra (20th Century-Fox) has plenty of trumpets and tambourines, plus occasional sob from strings and winds, but the real pleasure is reading the depth-psychology notes that Director Joe Mankiewicz has written while listening to Alex North's bullying score. Good for testing out stereo sets.

The Concert Sinatra (Reprise) was made with the use of 24 microphones, 73 musicians, four sound stages and one tired singer. The arrangements are far too glorious for the songs (*Bewitched*, *This Nearly Was Mine*), and there is a hint of embarrassment in Sinatra's voice that the echo chamber could not erase. Still, who sings better out in Hollywood?

21 Golden Hits (Paul Anka; RCA-Victor) celebrates Anka's 21st birthday in the groovy style that he has become accustomed to in his six years as a millionaire. All are songs he wrote himself (*Lonely Boy*, *Summer's Gone*, *The Longest Day*), and he sings them—as if he still means every word.

Oscar Brown Jr. Tells It Like It Is! (Columbia) and sings it like it ought to be. Brown mixes songs from the wreckage of

* All times E.D.T.

his old *Kicks & Co.*, new originals, and some good Charles Aznavour tunes to make a richly original collection, sung with polish by the most inventive and imaginative pop entertainer around.

The Short but Brilliant Life of Jimmie Rodgers (RCA-Victor) presents 16 of Rodgers' good country songs, written and first recorded between 1928 and 1932, sung in Rodgers' reedy voice to his own guitar accompaniment. Rodgers died at 35, and to those who take his songs seriously, ballads such as *Whippin' that Old TB* have all the frustrating terror of a suicide note.

Everybody's Favorite (Jimmy Dean; Columbia) is the work of a singer who is still alive, but thanks to his *Big Bad John*, he's a legend anyway. Here he sings a pot-boiler collection of old faithfuls, but he sings them well in his own peculiar style.

Travelin' (Chet Atkins; RCA-Victor) is the work of country music's best guitar player, running through a wide and varied repertoire that should be greeted as a valuable primer by Atkins-style pickers, as his many imitators call themselves. No one could play *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* better than Atkins does here, but he does seem a bit awkward with *La Dolce Vita* and other tunes of that ilk.

CINEMA

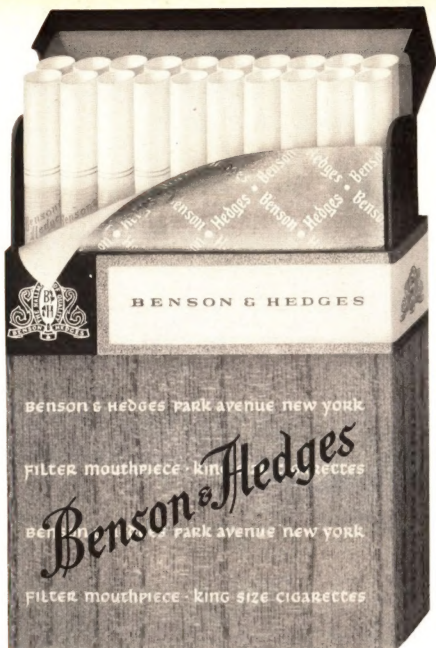
My Name Is Ivan. This extraordinary Russian film tells the tender and compelling story of the relationship between twelve-year-old Ivan, who is a spy behind the Nazi lines, and the Russian army officers who respect his bravery but worry over his loss of innocence. Director Tarkovsky not only dares to show the Soviet hero as an individual troubled with doubts and fears, but even more surprisingly, also uses Christian symbolism in a most un-Soviet fashion.

Murder at the Gallop. Dewlaps a-flap, flanks armored in stoutest tweeds, Margaret Rutherford rides into battle against crime—murder most foul. Once again she plays Agatha Christie's indomitable Miss Marple, and once again she proves that she may well be the funniest woman alive.

8½. Cast as a director remarkably like Italian Director Federico Fellini (who in fact directed the film), Marcello Mastroianni cannot seem to get started on a new movie project. The Fellini-Mastroianni stream of consciousness lays bare the director's inner confusions and frustrations, includes dreams, snatches of vaudeville, a little sex and a lot of religion.

PT 109. In this overlong first step in the cinematic canonization of John F. Kennedy, Actor Cliff Robertson wisely jettisons any attempt at the J.F.K. speech and hair styles. It is bad enough to hear shipmates Ty Hardin and Robert Culp talk disrespectfully to the gung-ho lieutenant, but then, they didn't realize he was going to be President. Only Kennedy knew that.

Cleopatra. As the Serpent of the Nile, Elizabeth Taylor hisses and shows her fangs; she also shows her bangles and her bosom, but little indication that she knows what made Cleo slither. If Rex Harrison



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☐ CALIFORNIA & THE WEST: Ariz.; Calif.; Nev.; Utah.

is splendid as the urbane Caesar, Richard Burton is disappointing as the befuddled Antony who confuses lust with love.

Hud. This honest and absorbing film has all the elements to make it a classic in its own time: a no-compromise script, sensitive direction and photography, and a matchless cast composed of Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, Melvyn Douglas and Brandon de Wilde.

BOOKS Best Reading

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews. A second absorbing volume produced by artful questioners who extract provocative ideas on art and life from Boris Pasternak, Ezra Pound, Katherine Anne Porter and other creators.

Laval, by Hubert Cole. The first full-length biography written in English of one of modern history's most maligned (and possibly malignant) figures falls far short of excellence but is full of provocative detail.

Harry, the Rat with Women, by Jules Feiffer. From satiric cartoons, Feiffer not so lightly turns to fable writing—and the tragicomic career of a body-by-Fisher king of love and narcissism.

House Upon the Sand, by Jurgis Gliuda. A Lithuanian novelist who endured the German occupation in World War II studies the effect of Nazi bloody-mindedness on a decent German aristocrat.

The Contrary Experience, by Herbert Read. A rarefied British critic who has lived through several incarnations in one lifetime—among them one as an anarchist and one as a successful bureaucrat—gets it all down on paper.

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. Though it sometimes sounds like collected scenes from various past novels, O'Hara's latest explores entertainingly a new area of the U.S. social order—academic life around a small college campus.

The Gift, by Vladimir Nabokov. A comic fantasy, written in Russian in 1935-37, about Russian émigré life in Berlin by the most famous literary magician now at work.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (1, last week)
2. The Glass-Blowers, Du Maurier (2)
3. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (3)
4. Rose High the Roof Beam, Salinger (5)
5. Seven Days in May, Knebel and Bailey (4)
6. City of Night, Rechy (8)
7. Grandmother and the Priests, Caldwell (6)
8. The Sand Pebbles, McKenna (7)
9. When the Legends Die, Borland (9)
10. The Tin Drum, Grass

NONFICTION

1. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (1)
2. The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper (2)
3. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (4)
4. Travels with Charley, Steinbeck (3)
5. The Day They Shook the Plum Tree, Lewis (6)
6. O Ye Jigs & Juleps!, Hudson (7)
7. The Feminine Mystique, Friedan
8. The Living Sea, Cousteau (8)
9. Terrible Swift Sword, Catton
10. You Are Not the Target, Huxley (9)

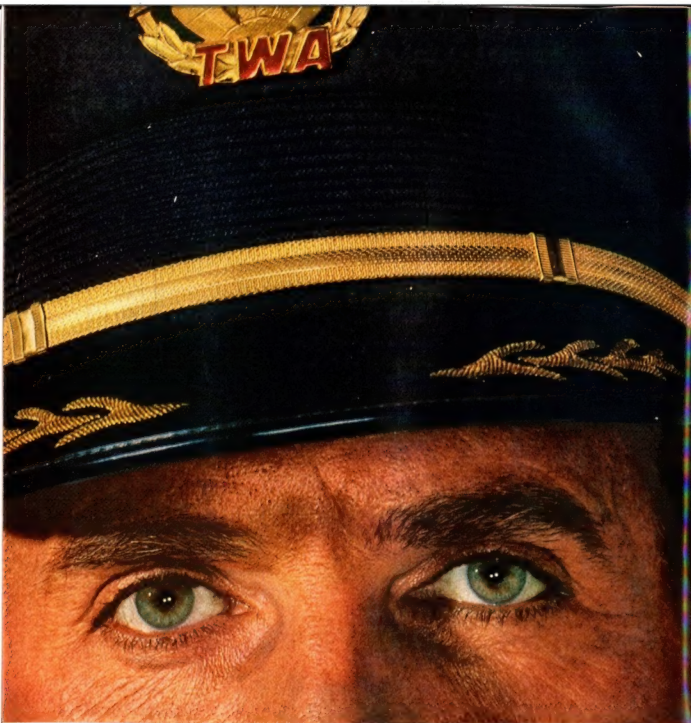


Do you have the right kind of wife for it?

Can your wife bake her own bread?
Can she get a kid's leg stitched and not
phone you at the office until it's all over?
Find something to talk about when the TV
set goes on the blink?
Does she worry about the Bomb?
Make your neighbors' children wish that

she were their mother?
Will she say "Yes" to a camping trip after
50 straight weeks of cooking?
Let your daughter keep a pet snake in the
back yard?
Invite 13 people to dinner even though
she only has service for 12?

Name a cat "Rover"?
Live another year without furniture and
take a trip to Europe instead?
Let you give up your job with a
smile?
And mean it?
Congratulations.



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LETTERS

The Peace Corps

Sir:
I was impressed by your article [July 5] which enunciated the tributes and the discrepancies of Shriver's Peace Corps.

Your very excellent rendition of the obstacles imposed on the not-so-glory-ridden Peace Corpsmen surely helped to straighten out many thwarted images held by many reposing onlookers on many "front porches of the U.S."

WALLY PARHAM

Stillwater, Okla.

Sir:
According to some returning Peace Corps volunteers flying with me from Manila the other day, they look back with great satisfaction on their last two years. Among the matters they were most critical of were press stories about them, which were "Madison Avenue-like, full of goodies. Trying to sell someone the moon."

Your sober but positive evaluation of their work seems to be just the right kind of graduation present.

AVIK GILBOA

Hong Kong

Sir:
Missing in your otherwise excellent story on the Peace Corps' success was adequate coverage of the universities that trained corporamen in the languages and customs of the host countries. Georgetown is particularly proud to have conducted the largest Peace Corps training program at an American university, our "alumni" being those 276 schoolteachers in Ethiopia.

WILLIAM J. RARENTE

Department of Government
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

Sir:
I accompanied the first Peace Corps team to Ghana. I spent a month in Ghana last year while the second team was "settling in," and was able to observe them. The people received them with warmth and the government with dignified "correctness."

ST. CLAIR DRAKE
Professor of Sociology

Roosevelt University
Chicago

Sir:
I gaped when I read in the July 5 issue of TIME a quotation allegedly coming from me that my family is nicer than the Kennedys. That quotation not only misrepresents me, but it does great harm to a distinguished family and to my son, whom I admire and love. I don't think that way. It is contrary to my life and to my convictions. My sincere appreciation of each of them is of the highest quality. They are intelligent, with sound convictions, a great desire to help their fellow man, and they are way ahead of most American families. I know or know about. Certainly they have many admirable qualities that most of us lack.

HILDA SHRIVER

New York City

► TIME's reporter understood Mrs. Shriver, the justifiably proud mother of Robert Sargent Shriver Jr., to say: "We're nicer than the Kennedys. We've been here since the 1600s. We're rooted in the land in Maryland. The Kennedys like to be around people who are in the news. They are flamboyant."—Ed.

The Human Factor

Sir:
The articles "Sighted Sub, Surfaced Same" and "The Whizzist Kid," which appeared June 28, bring up a real question:

Is Mr. Enthoven able to translate into figures or code to be fed into one of his machines the very human factors of ingenuity, perseverance and judgment to be found in the crew of a ship like the U.S.S. Charles P. Cecil?

I, for one, think not. 1984, here we come!

(MRS.) ELIZABETH F. MCCLANE

Bayside, Va.

Sir:
I was very pleased to read your story on Dr. Alain Enthoven, since he exemplifies the top talent we seek in our quest for quality careerists to meet the many demands for excellence in Government today. I wish the story had mentioned that Dr. Enthoven was one of five recent (June 12) recipients of the President's Award for Distinguished Federal Civilian Service—the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a career civil servant. At age 32, Dr. Enthoven is the youngest of the 31 careerists who have received this high honor to date.

JOHN W. MACY JR.
Chairman

U.S. Civil Service Commission
Washington, D.C.

Paul & John

Sir:
The [June 28] story you wrote on Pope Paul VI deserves congratulations.

KEVIN BOONE

Gary, Ind.

Sir:
The editors of TIME continue to exaggerate the role of Christianity in the events of the world. This is especially true of Catholicism. Apparently the petty-bourgeois mentality of the editors is incapable of comprehending the fact that Christianity, along with all the other major religions of the world, is in the process of dying a pitiful and ungraceful death.

ROBERT D. MCCracken

Tonopah, Nev.

Sir:
It is significant that you should make the strong analogy between the personalities and liberal outlooks of John XXIII and Paul VI.

On June 26 the church celebrated the

feast of the martyr brothers Sts. John and Paul, secretly put to death by order of Julian the Apostate. Their glorious end became public, tradition says, "through the many wonders wrought at their tomb."

It will be interesting to see the many wonders which will fructify from the works of these two modern "brothers" in Christ.

VINCENT A. CORSALL

Oswego, N.Y.

Sir:
Please explain how Pope Paul III had a son!

RUDOLPH SAMUELS

Wilmette, Ill.

► *Alessandro Farnese (Pope Paul III) was made a cardinal when only 25, led the worldly life of a Renaissance nobleman, and had at least two illegitimate children whom he recognized. Elected Pope in 1543, he appointed a son, Pier Luigi, cardinal and secretary of state.—Ed.*

Mount Athos

Sir:
Your article, "The State of the Faith," July 5, was well timed, well put, and to the point. The magnificent and deeply meaningful photos of the holy mountain, Mount Athos, comprise a precious book of unwritten words—a treasure in itself.

JOHN D. RESSETOR

Cleveland

Sir:
Your piece on the Eastern Orthodox Churches was expertly handled. At long last, proper credit was given to the Mother of Christianity. She has been denied recognition all these years. In spirit and in truth, Greek Orthodoxy is worlds apart from Roman Catholicism, as your article clearly points out.

THEODORE VRETOS

Peabody, Mass.

Wraybury Weathers It

Sir:
Your June 28 article on Christine Keeler was to the point, but inaccurate in its description of Wraybury as a "dingy town," though you may be forgiven for noting that some of our 700-year-old buildings have lost their first freshness! You see, for more than a thousand years Wraybury has never been anything but a village.

We can claim other distinguished people and events too: King John signed the Magna Carta within the parish boundary, and King Henry VIII courted Second

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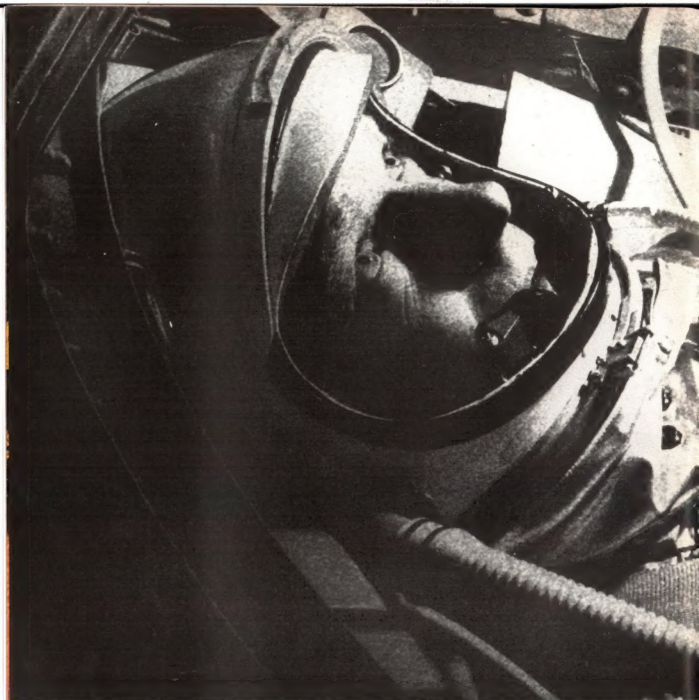
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Extremely high-temperature heat-shield features of the spacecraft.

Photo courtesy National Aeronautics & Space Administration.

of ceramic fibers that stands up to temperatures which will melt the fibers of practically any other known material.

And Dyna-Quartz, a unique glass fiber so heat-resistant it's been specified to insulate Dyna-Soar's primary internal structure. During re-entry, Dyna-Soar's outer skin temperature is expected to reach more than 2000 F.

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Wife Anne Boleyn in the yard of one of the Thames-side houses—that caused a rumour too.

R. P. RIGG

Wraysbury, England

Sir:

Lest anyone feel self-righteous about his country's morality status upon reading about Keeler & Co., let him ponder the moral issues contained in your cover story on civil rights, or the column on Tony Pro, or "Two Definitions of Obscenity" in the Press section [June 21].

JAMES N. WRIGHT

Brasilia, Brazil

Cool & Brassy

Sir:

As a college-age jazz lover who was raised on Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Lionel Hampton and plenty of joyful foot tapping, and who right now has Pee Wee Russell and John Coltrane stacked on the same record changer, I feel that TIME has quietly scored a real triumph in its recent jazz reporting [June 28]. Congratulations on exposing the hippies and the pretensions of John Lewis. Paul Winter and the rest of the "concert jazz" set.

NEIL STILLINGS

Appleton, Wis.

Sir:

You have misunderstood my proposal for jazz in cultural exchange. "The Jazz Corps" was a suggested name for a foundation that would arrange privately sponsored tours. Our belief is that cultural exchange is one of the great hopes of the free world and that in this context jazz is a particularly effective medium.

PAUL WINTER

New York City

Sir:

The article was great. But let's not listen to Winter. We should send money to needy countries, not jazz.

DOUG MCLEAN

Montreal, Que.

Banks & Bankers

Sir:

The June 21 story on banking immediately opened by mentioning a savings and loan association and went on to state that a savings and loan association would dispatch a "bank officer."

This type of editorial comment disturbs us very much because savings and loan associations are not banks and their officers are not bankers. This is established by law, not by the commercial banking industry.

ROGERS R. WOODS JR.

Executive Director

Foundation for Commercial Banks
Philadelphia

Surest Cure

Sir:

Could it be possible that Elsa Maxwell [May 31] might have held an average of one party every two days for approximately 50 years? If this figure is correct, could you inform my friends and myself as to her cure for hangovers?

LORRAINE HERNAN

Perth, Australia

►"To avoid making tiresome, old-fashioned," Miss Maxwell says, "I take a glass of champagne or a cocktail when I'm in a group of drinkers, but I nurse it all night. It's not that I have any scruples against drinking, I simply have never felt the need for it."—ED.

Room at the Top

Sir:

I think that ex-President Alberto Lleras Camargo is right about the "Alianza" [June 28]. We need a bigger name (or names) on the job. The good neighbor policy was successful because Franklin Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Sumner Welles, Nelson Rockefeller, among others, worked hard to make it a success.

The Alliance for Progress, properly guided, can be equally effective. Latin America is enormously important to us, and I believe that a careful investment now (not indiscriminate handouts) will pay big dividends. But let's put someone big at the top to get things moving.

JOHN H. M. SCRIBNER

Panama, R. P.

The Woods Hole Beast

Sir:

As one of many participants in the Thresher search, I appreciated your well-balanced account [June 28] of its progress up to the recent dive of the bathyscaphe Trieste. However, you are in error about the design of "The Beast," used on Atlantis II. Its framework was constructed at Woods Hole to mount an echo-ranging apparatus developed in our department by Willard Dow and others, cameras designed by Harold Edgerton of M.I.T. for general use in the deep sea, and an instrument developed by the Schlumberger Well Surveying Co. for measuring the voltage set up by dissimilar metals immersed in a liquid.

"The Beast," despite its name, typifies the cooperative spirit characteristic of the teamwork of scientists, engineers and naval officers throughout the search for the Thresher.

J. B. HERSEY

Chairman, Geophysics Department
Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution
Woods Hole, Mass.

Philanthropist Mott

Sir:

Congratulations on your [June 28] profile of Charles S. Mott, Flint, Mich., philanthropist. It pays deserved tribute to a man whose activities and charities could fill a volume.

However, the American Automobile Association believes your writer omitted a colorful sidelight on Mr. Mott's varied career. He is one of two survivors of the nine motor club representatives who met in Chicago in March 1902 to found the organization that has come to be known by its more than 8,000,000 members as the Triple-A.

GEORGE F. KACHLEIN JR.

President

American Automobile Association
Washington, D.C.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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A letter from
the
PUBLISHER
Bernard M. Auer



SKY DIVER KIRSHENBAUM

AS anyone who is not a native New Yorker knows, there is no form of provincialism more acute than too long a confinement on Manhattan Island. Most of our writers and researchers, for one reason or another, come from other parts of the U.S., are alternately exhilarated or frustrated by the tension and pressures of the big city and of their jobs, and often feel penned in at their air-conditioned, glass-walled offices set high on steel shelves. Maybe that's why they read so much about far-off places, have an incurable travel itch, and pursue exotic and audacious hobbies. And maybe that is why, when our Modern Living department got intrigued by the growing hobby

of sky diving, two of the best sources for the story turned out to be at nearby desks. Sport Researcher Geraldine Kirshenbaum and Associate Editor Douglas Auchincloss (whose previous experience in the heavens includes 17 years as TIME's Religion editor) had decided to try sky diving for themselves. Last week each jumped from a single-engine plane, parachuted 2,500 ft. to earth in 2½ minutes.

"The landing was harder than I expected, though not too much for these old bones," reports Auchincloss. "Everybody congratulates you

on your first jump and asks you how it was. 'Great,' you say, or 'Perfect.' Obviously, there you are walking around, aren't you? Truly, getting there is all the fun."

Gerry Kirshenbaum added: "I left the plane all wrong and landed all wrong, but those two minutes in between were wonderful. The air was so quiet. You can't even hear the plane. And the ground seemed to 'stay away' until the last few seconds. I wish I had stayed up longer."

The story appears this week in *Modern Living*, and the moral, if any, is that earthbound, Manhattan-bound TIME staffers can fling themselves as ardently into a story as any of our far-flung correspondents.

THERE is nothing better calculated to rile the Irish than to treat them as a land of begonia, shillelachs and shamrocks. Yet the myth is part of the land, and so is the economic progress that at last has reversed the emigration rate. It will take more than a few factories to make of Ireland another Ruhr, but the changed landscape is a sight to see, as shown by the eight pages of color this week that accompany the cover story on Sean Lemass, who represents the new spirit in the old sod.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 12, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 2

THE NATION

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Force of Conscience

Week by week, the U.S. civil rights revolution burns more deeply in its intensity, shifts into bewildering new directions, expands fiercely in its dimensions. Leaders follow and followers lead. Congressional timetables are upset. Negro organization officials find themselves riding a crest they cannot control. Negro moderates suffer vilification, or the threat of physical harm, for their moderation. White politicians who have achieved power through their championship of civil rights find themselves hooted by audiences who think they have not been civil righteous enough.

As the revolution moved relentlessly forward last week, the most significant development was that the white clergy, which in the past has played a sympathetic but generally non-activist part, threw itself wholeheartedly, and even physically, into the struggle. Priests and ministers, rabbis and rectors were on the march. The U.S.'s foremost Presbyterian official was jailed—along with other church leaders of different denominations. Nuns appeared on civil rights picket lines. Several thousand miles from the U.S., in Vatican City, Pope Paul VI expressed his keen interest and concern for the civil rights struggle in America. He told visiting

President John Kennedy: "We are ever mindful in our prayers of the efforts to ensure to all your citizens the equal benefits of citizenship, which have as their foundation the equality of all men because of their dignity as persons and children of God."

The arrival of the white U.S. clergy on the front lines of the civil rights battle is of great moment. That battle inevitably will go on for years. No matter how long it lasts, it will never be finally solved by political maneuvering, or in legislative chambers, or by court decisions, or in street fights. The ultimate answer can be found only in the conscience of the nation. And the active, unequivocal participation of the churches and churchmen is vital to achieving that answer.

March on Gwynn Oak Park

Meeting in New York City last month, the general board of the National Council of Churches entered into soul-searching discussion of the role its members should play in the nation's civil rights struggle. Were pulpit pronouncements enough? Could the Christian conscience be satisfied by mere pious expressions of sympathy for the Negro? One who thought not was the Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, executive head of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.'s general assem-



PRESBYTERIAN BLAKE ENTERS PATROL WAGON
The timidity is gone.

bly, former president of the National Council and one of the U.S.'s most respected clergymen (TIME cover, May 26, 1961). Turning to a fellow board member, Blake said quietly: "Some time or other we are all going to have to stand and be on the receiving end of a fire hose."

Last week Blake, an old Princeton football guard and a man of enormous energy and determination, put his convictions to the test—and although it did not bring streams from a fire hose, it did lead to a Maryland police station.

The Choice. Blake was one of 283 whites and Negroes, including 26 Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergymen, arrested in an integration march on the gaudy Gwynn Oak Amusement Park outside Baltimore, which has long barred Negroes from its 64 acres. Arrested with him were Bishop Daniel Corrigan, director of the home department of the national council of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the Rev. Dr. William Sloane Coffin Jr., chaplain of Yale University; Rabbi Morris Lieberman of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation; and Msgr. Austin J. Healy, who marched as an official representative of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Baltimore.

Sponsored by the Congress of Racial Equality, the march against Gwynn Oak was carefully planned. The demonstrators, most of them white, first gathered in Baltimore's Metropolitan Methodist Church, prayed and sang hymns until an appointed hour, then broke up into several groups and headed for the park. The first group to arrive included Blake and nine other clergymen. Awaiting them at the park were Baltimore County Police Chief Robert J. Lally and a large contingent of cops. The demonstrators had previously warned the police of their intention to march on Gwynn Oak; the police, in turn, had



NUNS AND PRIESTS PICKET FOR CIVIL RIGHTS IN CHICAGO
The Christian conscience has come to life.



THE NEWARK BATTLE
After the charge.

warned the demonstrators that they would be arrested under Maryland's trespass law.

Ugly Shouts. Moments after Blake and his group entered the grounds, a park owner stopped them, read the trespass law aloud. The marchers remained silent—but they did not leave the premises. Said Chief Lally: "You can leave or you can be arrested." Still the group was silent. Police moved in, placed them under arrest, led them politely to a waiting patrol wagon.

So far the proceedings had been almost stately. But then the situation began to get ugly. Wave after wave of demonstrators moved toward the Gwynn Oak entrance. Police arrested most of them peaceably and drove them to district stations in waiting school buses. But some demonstrators sat down on the ground and refused to budge; they were hauled off bodily. The white crowd of some 1,000 inside the park turned mean, and there were shouts of "Dump 'em in the bay," "Black nigger, white nigger," "Castrate 'em" and "Send

'em to the zoo." But the police, in firm control, prevented actual violence.

"I Must Do Something." Several of the clergymen were immediately freed on \$103 bond; seven chose to spend a night in jail, but at week's end all had been released. Along with the other demonstrators, the clergymen plan to fight the charges, demand jury trial. Explained Bishop Corrigan of the Negroes who demonstrated: "These are my fellow citizens. Being able to go into the park is important to them; therefore it's important to me. The time has come when it's not enough just to say this. I must also do something."

In other cities across the country last week, the civil rights struggle spread on. Items:

• **CHICAGO.** Seven Roman Catholic nuns joined a chanting, hymn-singing group of Catholic students as they picketed the Illinois Club for Catholic Women in protest against alleged discrimination there. The nuns carried placards that read **CATHOLICS DO NOT DISCRIMINATE AND THE CHURCH IS FOR ALL MEN.**

• **ENGLEWOOD, N.J.** The state commissioner of education ordered Englewood's Lincoln School to adopt a plan for ending de facto segregation before September, thereby signaling an end to a nine-year-old dispute. In 1954 the city school board redrew school boundaries in a way that concentrated Negro students in the Lincoln district. Negroes have fought the move since.

• **NEW YORK.** Demonstrators demanding that the Long Island state park commission hire more Negroes and Puerto Ricans squatted in a roadway leading to Jones Beach on Long Island. Two groups managed to halt traffic for a few minutes at three different times, but cops hauled them bodily off the roadway before they could create a real New York-sized traffic jam.

• **CHARLESTON, S.C.** Police arrested 123 Negro demonstrators as they marched through downtown Charleston. The Negroes had paraded every day for a week without incident. But this time, police said, they had blocked traffic and refused to obey orders to move on. Later

17 sit-in demonstrators were arrested and charged with trespass.

• **NEWARK, N.J.** Protesting discrimination against Negroes and Puerto Ricans on construction jobs, more than 50 pickets blocked the way of 35 construction men as they arrived for work at the site of a new high school. The construction workers charged. For ten minutes they battled the pickets, some of whom were white, before cops broke it up with billy clubs. No one was seriously injured. Two of the pickets were arrested.

• **GADSDEN, ALA.** Negro leaders agreed to suspend the mass demonstrations that kept Gadsden on edge for more than three weeks after city buses were desegregated, and white civic leaders agreed to negotiate other integration demands.

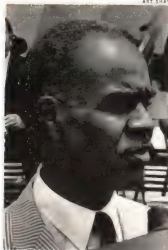
Angry at Everybody

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, meeting in Chicago, lashed out on all political sides. Southern Democrats, cried Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, were members of a "calculating clique" that uses Washington "as the seat of a conspiracy to continue human slavery under another name. Let there be no uncertainty. There will be a massive march on Washington as a living petition for a redress of old, old grievances." As for Senate Republicans and their leader Everett Dirksen: "The Dirksen leadership can bring on moral disaster for the Republican Party.... We intend to work for the defeat in the next election of those lawmakers who fail to support and vote for strong civil rights legislation. We shall remember them." And the next day the N.A.A.C.P. adopted by acclamation a resolution criticizing President Kennedy's civil rights legislative package as "inadequate."

The major on-the-scene victim of the N.A.A.C.P.'s broad-gauged anger was none other than Chicago's Democratic Mayor Richard Daley, who has made a successful political career out of collecting Negro votes. Accompanied by Illinois' Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, Daley spoke to the conven-



THE JONES BEACH SITDOWN
Before the removal.



N.A.A.C.P.'S WILKINS



CHICAGO'S DALEY

What are you doing here?

tion, admitted that the Chicago civil rights situation is not perfect, but certainly is "as good as any." When Daley insisted that "there are no ghettos in Chicago," there were murmurs of disbelief in the meeting hall.

More than You. No sooner did Dick Daley sit down than Dr. Lucien Holman, 42, a Joliet dentist who heads all N.A.A.C.P. activities in Illinois, stood up. "I don't agree with anything Mayor Daley said," cried Holman. "Everybody knows there are ghettos here. And if those of you from Mississippi think you're the first persons ever bitten by police dogs, you're wrong. That little technique began right here in the sovereign state of Illinois. And we've got more segregated schools here than you've got in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana combined."

When Holman finished, Daley stalked out scowling. Next day he had still more to scowl about: as he marched through downtown Chicago at the head of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Independence Day parade, there were some ominous portents—signs saying such things as MAYOR DALEY, WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE? And when, at parade's end, Daley tried to address a throng of some 20,000, a terrible to-do broke loose. As Daley faced the crowd, there were boos, hisses, and chants of "Daley must go . . . Down with ghettos." For more than ten minutes, the red-faced mayor of Chicago stood there, trying to make himself heard. Finally, eying the front rows of seats where the most vociferous group of hecklers was seated, Daley snapped: "I recognize a contingent of the Republican Party is here." He marched off the platform and headed for his limousine.

"Kill Him!" At least, Daley escaped any physical threats. Those were reserved for a Negro speaker later on. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Jackson, president of the National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc., biggest Negro religious denomination in the U.S. (5,000,000 mem-

bers), recently had made a statement opposing a mass Negro march on Washington. For that statement he now received thunderous boos. Unable to speak, Jackson started to leave. A group of about 50 closed around him, shouting "Kill him, kill him!" They pinned Jackson against the platform until he was finally rescued by ushers.

Such was the civil rights climate in Chicago last week that the N.A.A.C.P. and James Meredith, a protégé of the organization and only last year a nationwide Negro hero as the only member of his race at the University of Mississippi, started squabbling publicly. Speaking at an N.A.A.C.P. youth meeting, Meredith criticized Negro youth leadership as puerile—and cast doubt on the advisability of a national civil rights march on Washington, scheduled by the N.A.A.C.P. and other Negro organizations for late August. For expressing such sentiments, Meredith was denounced by the N.A.A.C.P. chairman of the evening's session. And for that, Meredith said the next day that he had "shed my first tears since I was a child" over the "intolerance and bigotry" he had found at the N.A.A.C.P. convention.

Better at Moralizing Than Legalizing

Attorney General Robert Kennedy returned to Capitol Hill to continue his explanation of the Administration's civil rights package. Appearing before the Senate Commerce Committee, with specific references to the package's controversial Title II, which would guarantee equal rights in public accommodations throughout the land, Bobby delivered an eloquent moral argument. But under subsequent questioning he showed himself better at moralizing than at legalizing.

He began with a prepared statement. "For generations," he said, "Americans have prided themselves on being a people with democratic ideals, a people

who pay no attention to a man's race, creed or color. That very phrase has become a truism. But it is a truism with a fundamental defect: it has not been true . . . White people of whatever kind—even prostitutes, narcotics pushers, Communists or bank robbers—are welcome at establishments which will not admit certain of our federal judges, ambassadors and countless members of our armed forces."

"**You Tell Me.**" Then the Commerce Committee members began asking questions about the legal meaning, implications and effects of Title II. Bobby was somewhat peevish, vague—and seemed uninterested in details. Administration emphasis presently justifies Title II under the interstate commerce clause of the U.S. Constitution (see box); thus, the measure would apply only to accommodations involved to a "substantial" degree in interstate commerce. Just what, the Senators wanted to know, did that language mean?

Ohio Democrat Frank Lausche tried to start at the very beginning.

Lausche: What is your definition of interstate commerce?

Kennedy: Commerce between the states.

Lausche: There must be more to it than that.

Kennedy: You're a lawyer, Senator. You tell me.

Lausche: Wouldn't you have to show that [a business] served a majority [of interstate travelers]?

Kennedy: No, you would just have to show it had a substantial effect on interstate commerce.

Lausche was not finished. Later he goodly asked Kennedy: "Just how far do you contend Congress can ultimately go in bringing the businessmen of the country" under sweeping new regulations by broadening the scope of the Interstate Commerce Act? The Administration, charged Lausche, was trying to "put a collar around business . . . threatening to prosecute it . . . attempting to shackle it."

Bobby's voice sharpened as he retorted that Congress had already passed laws "telling restaurants how they should shape their piece of oleomargarine . . . what they should put on their menus."

If All Depends. Other Senators tried to pin Bobby down about just what sort and size of public facility Title II would apply to. New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, the Commerce Committee's ranking Republican, wanted to know if the bill would apply to laundries and dry-cleaning establishments. Said Bobby: "I don't think they'd be covered except in very unusual circumstances—maybe if they are part of a hotel or a terminal." How about bowling alleys, pool parlors and funeral homes? He judged they would not be covered, could go on discriminating if they liked. What about stadiums where out-of-state athletes perform? Kennedy figured they would have to desegregate. Well, would the traveling teams themselves be forced to integrate? He thought they would

not—though a few days earlier a Justice Department lawyer who helped draft the legislation had said they probably would.

South Carolina's Democratic Senator Strom Thurmond wanted to know if a little barbershop on the South Carolina border would be in interstate commerce if some fellows from North Carolina came across the line to get their haircuts. That, said Bobby, would depend on how many came. Seventy percent? asked Thurmond. It would be covered. Fifty percent? Covered. In fact, said the Attorney General, a place might fall under the law if only 10% of its customers were from out of state, depending on "other circumstances." Snapped Thurmond: "You're kind of vague on that, aren't you?"

So Change It. The Administration, said the Attorney General, would be happy to leave the definitions of "substantial" to the courts in case after individual case after Congress passed the Administration's bill; a good many Sen-

ators obviously thought that was not a very good way to legislate. The Administration had considered, but decided against, limiting the law to establishments above a certain size—with, say, annual sales of \$150,000—because, said Bobby, that would mean "if you run a small establishment you can discriminate, and if you run a large one you can't." But if Congress wanted to put such a floor under the bill to let small neighborhood establishments run their own private business in their own private way, Bobby did not care.

As a matter of fact, Bobby made it clear that if Congress wanted to change the whole structure of the bill, base it on the 14th Amendment instead of the commerce clause and thereby outlaw discrimination in any business licensed by any state, he did not care about that either.

All of which left many legislators, including some who are otherwise perfectly willing to go along with the administration, considerably perplexed.

THE CONGRESS

The Three-Second Symbol

The Constitution provides that during a session of Congress neither house may "adjourn for more than three days." Last week, accordingly, both houses went through the motion of meeting a couple of times. One token meeting of the Senate, with two members present, lasted just three seconds—a speed record of sorts. The week's performance, which included a July 4th holiday, might stand as a symbol of the 88th Congress—the do-nothingest of modern times.

The No. 1 Goal. The 88th has passed and sent to the President only four items of legislation. One was a measure lifting the already much-raised ceiling on the national debt. The others merely continued existing arrangements: the draft, the Korean war corporation and excise taxes, and the livestock feed-grains program.

The tax-revision bill, still proclaimed as the New Frontier's No. 1 legislative

THE POWER & THE PRECEDENT

The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce . . . among the several states.

—Article I, Section 8,
The Constitution of the U.S.

THIS is the interstate commerce clause, the twelve words to which the Kennedy Administration has hitched Title II—the public-accommodations provisions—of its civil rights legislative package.

The Administration argues that segregation in hotels, motels, theaters and the like may be a decided hindrance to interstate travel and to the free movement of goods in interstate commerce. Thus, the Kennedy bill provides that public establishments with any sort of "substantial" interest in interstate commerce should be governed by Title II.

Administration spokesmen can muster plenty of precedent: the interstate commerce clause has long been used to justify all manner of regulatory legislation. In testimony last week, Attorney General Kennedy cited 38 congressional acts sprung from the fertile soil of the clause. Among them: the Federal Firearms Act, the Atomic Energy Act, the Fair Labor Standards Act, the Automobile Information Disclosure Act, the Communications Acts, the Federal Coal Mine Safety Act, the False Branding or Marking Act, the Federal Trade Commission Act, the Taft-Hartley Act, the Poultry Products Inspection Act, the Plant Quarantine Act and the Securities Exchange Act.

Despite such past extensions of the interstate commerce clause, it has never been used as a basis for civil rights legislation. Critics of the Administration's proposal argue that it would stretch the clause beyond all reasonable bounds, open the door to federal regulation yet undreamed of, produce a tangle of litigation—and still not stop segregation in all privately owned public accommodations.

Kentucky's liberal Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper has introduced a separate public-accommodations bill, based on the 14th Amendment to the Constitution rather than the commerce clause. Says he: "If we are going to deal with this question, I think it imperative that Congress should enact legislation which would meet it fully and squarely as a right under the 14th Amendment, and not indirectly and partially—as the Administration approach would do. Rights under the Constitution go to the

equality of all citizens, the integrity and dignity of the individual, and should not be placed on any lesser ground."

But the Administration shies away from such an approach. The reason: the Supreme Court 80 years ago declared unconstitutional a legislative guarantee of equal access to public accommodations which was based on the 14th Amendment. Signed into law on March 1, 1875, the statute provided that "all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land or water, theaters, and other places of public amusement: subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law, and applicable alike to citizens of every race and color, regardless of any previous condition of servitude."

The law stood for only eight years before being struck down by the Supreme Court. The majority opinion, delivered by Justice Joseph P. Bradley, ruled that the 14th Amendment pertained only to discrimination by state governments. "Individual invasion of individual rights," Bradley wrote, "is not the subject matter of the amendment . . . It is proper to state that civil rights, such as are guaranteed by the Constitution against State aggression, cannot be impaired by the wrongful acts of individuals, unsupported by state authority in the shape of law, customs or judicial or executive proceedings. The wrongful act of an individual, unsupported by such authority, is simply a private wrong . . ."

Except for its justification under the interstate commerce clause instead of the 14th Amendment, the Kennedy Administration's Title II of 1963 is essentially the same as the law passed in 1875. The bill presently before Congress provides that "all persons shall be entitled, without discrimination or segregation on account of race, color, religion or national origin, to the full and equal enjoyment of the goods, services, facilities, privileges, advantages and accommodations of [certain] public establishments."

Opponents of the Administration's approach don't believe that the Supreme Court would overturn a public-accommodations law based on the 14th Amendment. And in the light of the court's recent record of reversing its old civil rights rulings, disbelief seems justified.

goal of 1963, is not expected to emerge from the House Ways and Means Committee until some time in August, far behind schedule. And the Senate Finance Committee will not even begin to hold hearings on a tax bill until after Ways and Means has completed its work.

More agreeable to some kinds of New Frontier legislation than the House, the Senate has passed the Administration's bill to help state and local governments develop mass-transportation facilities. It has also approved a Kennedy bill to set up a Youth Conservation Corps, plus a "home town" youth employment program. In the House, however, both measures seem likely to linger in the Rules Committee, headed by Virginia Democrat Howard W. Smith. The Senate also passed the Administration's area redevelopment bill, but the House voted it down.

"I'm Pessimistic," President Kennedy cannot even cherish much hope that his proposals will do better during the rest of the session. The prospect, indeed, is that his difficulties with Congress will worsen as a result of his civil rights bill. In the Senate, a Southern filibuster is certain, and while it lasts, all other legislation will be stalled. Whatever the outcome of the battle, Southerners in Congress are going to be at odds with the President and disinclined to go along with his other requests. "Civil rights," says a White House aide, "has changed the whole situation in the House. It directly and adversely affects the rest of the program. All bets are off. It's a whole new session. I'm pessimistic."

The New Frontier is fond of blaming the Republicans for the 88th's balkiness. And it is true that the Republicans in Congress, especially in the House, have

displayed rare unity this year in opposing the President. Of the 178 Republicans in the House, only one went along with Kennedy's latest request for an increase in the debt ceiling, and only one voted for the Administration feed-grains bill.

But what thwarts the President's wishes on Capitol Hill is not so much Republican unity as Democratic disunity. There are lopsided Democratic majorities in both houses: 67 to 33 in the Senate and 256 to 178 in the House (one seat, last held by a Democrat, is vacant). Not since the Democratic high tide in the 1930s has a President enjoyed such a huge numerical advantage in Congress.

A Lack of Commitment. Part of the trouble is with the Democratic leadership on Capitol Hill. The top House Democrat, John McCormack of Massachusetts, was long a slashingly effective floor leader, but he has been inhibited by his present role as Speaker. Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield is generally conceded to be too nice a fellow to engage in the arm-twisting tactics his job requires.

But far more, President Kennedy himself is to blame for the record of the 88th. The G.O.P. unity that New Frontiersmen grumble about is in part a response to Kennedy's incessant partisanship, his overzealous efforts to play politics with legislation. Kennedy, furthermore, has hurt some of his own most-heralded proposals. For example, he blurred the prospects for tax revision by submitting a budget with an \$11.9 billion deficit.

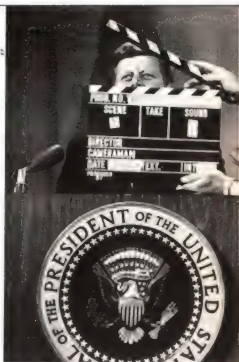
Another reason why President Kennedy's welfare-state legislative proposals sometimes generate scant enthusiasm in Congress is that he himself often seems to have little genuine enthusiasm for them. He often conveys an impression that he is operating as a political technician, asking not what the measures can do for the country but what proposing them can do for him politically. Lacking, or seeming to lack, any real commitment to his welfare proposals, the President sometimes fails to give them sustained support. "He sends up one message after another," says a congressional Republican, "and then forgets about them."

What is needed to get Congress moving again is not more Democrats in Congress, as Kennedy argues, but more leadership among Democrats.

THE PRESIDENCY

"A Moving Experience"

"The trip was for me a moving experience," said President Kennedy in a brief taped TV report to the nation last week. "I found in every country a deep conviction in our common goals, the unity of the West, the freedom of man, the necessity for peace . . . Today, we can be more confident than ever that the Old World and the New are partners for progress and partners for peace."



THE PRESIDENT TAPING TV REPORT
All results are not in.

After the emotional welcome in Germany and the sentimental flood in Ireland, the rest of the President's European journey was mixed. He met with Harold Macmillan for a day of low-key talks at the British Prime Minister's country home near Brighton, and they reached an essentially negative agreement: the projected multilateral NATO nuclear force would be allowed to die. In Italy, the President's reception, the day after Pope Paul's coronation, was something like Grand Rapids on a rainy day. Rome's blasé millions stayed away in droves. Overeager Italian security cops pushed people around, even roughed up White House Staffers McGeorge Bundy and Ted Sorensen. But the President had warm talks with Italy's Prime Minister and President, and told leading Italians at a formal dinner: "The siren temptations of those with the seemingly swift and easy answers on the far right and far left will always be great. But I am convinced that Italy and the United States will draw even more closely together."

The highlight of the Kennedy stay in Italy was an act that many politicians not long ago would have considered foolhardy for a Catholic President—a call on the new Pope. Kennedy bowed to Paul, shook hands (as a visiting head of state, he did not kneel and kiss the Pontiff's ring), and accompanied the Pope into his library for a private 18-minute chat, mostly about the quest for an enduring world peace. Addressing the Kennedy party later, the Pope recalled that he had met the President and his family at a papal audience 25 years ago, when, as Monsignor Montini, he was Substitute Secretary of State for Ordinary Affairs to Pope Pius XII. Paul praised the U.S. and—in a highly topical



DEMOCRATS MCCORMACK & MANSFIELD
All bets are off.

note—wished well the forces seeking equality for the Negro.

As the President left for home from Naples, he ended the trip as he had begun it in Germany—in a surge of acclaim. The Neapolitans choked the streets in tens of thousands; they cheered and they mobbed and they climbed all over the presidential cavalcade. The finale was a fitting reminder that as a public appearance and speaking tour, the trip was a success. Whether it would have more lasting effects on progress and peace remained to be seen.

POLITICS

Any Other Questions?

Charles Harting Percy, 43, endlessly energetic board chairman of Chicago's camera-making Bell & Howell Co., recently confronted a group of ten Illinois Republican county chairmen. Sounding them out about his aspirations to run next year for Governor, he invited questions. The pros were curious about the little (5 ft. 8 in.) fellow with the vast sense of confidence. "Well, Chuck," asked Putnam County's Jefford Jepson Jr., "what do you know about Putnam County?"

With an I'm-glad-you-asked-me-that-question smile, Percy riffled through a black looseleaf notebook. "Well, Jeff," he replied, "in 1960, when Governor Stratton was losing Putnam County 1,400 to 1,192 votes, you carried it for Senator Dirksen. Your land area is 166 square miles, and you have a population of 4,578, or 28 people per square mile. Your population loss between 1950 and 1960 was 3.7%, and .3% of your population is nonwhite. The median age of your people is 34.5 years, and there were 88 live births, 40 deaths and 40 marriages in your county last year. The median income in Putnam County is \$5,077 per year, and 25.7% of your wage earners make less than \$3,000 per year. Thirty-five percent of them work outside the county. There are 1,710 dwellings, most of them owned by the residents." Then he delivered a little sermon about how "government can create the proper climate, but the work of solving those problems has to be done largely by the communities. So, Jeff, with your practical experiences in Putnam County, your job is to help interpret to me what role the state can play to stimulate life in Putnam County."

The chairmen were impressed—and Percy was encouraged. Last week, after years as an enthusiastic political amateur, he finally took the big plunge, announced that he is a candidate for Governor.

"Call Me Chuck," Percy's decision was hardly surprising, for he has a reputation for grappling with challenging opportunities. The son of a Bell & Howell office manager, he got a toddling start in business—selling magazines—at the age of five. He probably would have started earlier, but his parents would

not let him cross the street. At the University of Chicago, he grossed \$150,000 a year selling furniture, linen, food and coal to fraternities; he clerked at Bell & Howell during his summers, so impressed B. & H. President Joseph McNabb that he became the boss's protégé. He was made a board member at 23, and at 29 was elected president of the company. The newspapers inevitably dubbed him "Wonder Boy." Percy cringed at the title. "Please," he pleads, "call me Chuck."

Percy decided to run for political office only after he became convinced that Bell & Howell could now get along without him. Since he took over the company in 1949, he points out, "annual revenue has risen from \$13 million to \$160 million. So I have given a lot of thought lately to what my future will be."



G.O.P.'s CHARLES PERCY
Bearing down on that word.

I have been with Bell & Howell for 25 years. What shall I do for the next 25 years, which will take me to 68, the normal retirement age at Bell & Howell?"

The Image. Chuck Percy has now answered his own question. He is aware that he has already been compared with another civic-minded businessman turned politician—Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney. "But please remember," says Percy, "that unlike Romney I have always been a Republican and have worked within the structure of the party. I dislike being labeled a 'liberal.' I call myself a 'Republican Republican.' I suppose you noticed how many times I used the word Republican in my announcement statement this week."

Against Illinois' lackluster Democrat-

ic Governor Otto Kerner in next year's general election, Percy would probably be the best G.O.P. bet. But first he must get into the general election, and that may take some doing. A lot of Republicans may figure that Kerner is easy pickings, and scramble to get in the race. Top on the list of Percy's probable primary opponents is Illinois Secretary of State Charles Carpenter, 66, an easy-going politician with an unblemished record of 39 years of successful vote getting. This summer, Percy plans to take his wife and five kids on a tour of Illinois county fairs, where he hopes to build an image that the Carpenters cannot match.

The Slip Was Not a Slide

For a couple of weeks, there had been all sorts of rumors about an unpublished—and, for that matter, unidentified—political poll that showed President Kennedy for the first time dropping below the magic 50% mark in popularity. Several columnists alluded to it. And the New York Post's James Wechsler all but came out and said that it would appear in the next presidential popularity findings of the Gallup poll.

Wrong. This week, when the results of the latest Gallup poll were released, they showed that since early May Kennedy had indeed slipped—from a prosperous 64% to 61%. The main notion behind all those rumors was that Kennedy had suffered badly as a result of his handling of the U.S. civil rights crisis. And so, according to Gallup, he had in the South. Yet he almost made up for that deficit by increasing his popularity outside the South. The Gallup poll showings:

	Approval in South	Approval Outside South
Early May	55%	67%
Late June	33%	71%

THE BUDGET

All Things Being Relative

In January 1962, presenting his budget for the fiscal year that would end June 30, 1963, President Kennedy exercised a politician's license for optimism in predicting a tidy little surplus of \$500 million. The forecast was, of course, hitched to the prospect of a resurgent U.S. economy. But the economy did not show the strength expected, and the Government spent more than it collected. Thus, as fiscal 1963 last week came to an end and as Treasury accountants began totting up the figures, they found that instead of that original little surplus, a deficit of some \$7.8 billion seems likely. But, all things being relative, it could be worse. Even the Administration, revising its own figures, last January officially predicted a deficit of \$8.8 billion. Main reason for the improvement from that figure: the economy finally began to move.

ESPIONAGE

Spy, Spy, Spies

Late one night last April, a Russian-born employee of a U.S. intelligence agency climbed the steps to his suburban Washington apartment. He fumbled with the key—and froze. From the darkness behind him came a tiny rustle of clothing. Then a voice rasped his name.* The man whirled, faced a stocky stranger in a trench coat who stood back in the shadows, his powerful arms outstretched. Again the stranger spoke in Russian: "Don't you know me? I am your brother Volodya."

The brothers had been apart for 23 years. Vanya would not have immediately recognized Volodya even in broad daylight. At first he was incredulous, then suspicious. But Volodya convinced Vanya by rattling off a series of childhood experiences that the brothers had shared. The two wound up in a tearful bear hug on the landing.

He Understood. From there the plot thickened—and sickened. A dapper little fellow in a blue trench coat showed up at the apartment a few moments later, introduced himself to Vanya as "Ivan Ivanovich, your brother's driver." He added cryptically: "We have been trying to meet you for two days. We wanted to see you alone—to avoid trouble. You understand?" Vanya was pretty sure he understood. When the pair left, he called the FBI.

Two nights later, Volodya, Ivan and Vanya met again. Hidden all around were FBI men, cavedropping, shooting movies and taking still pictures. They quickly identified Ivan the Driver as Gennadi G. Sevastyanov, 33—a Russian "diplomat" carried on the rolls of the Soviet embassy as a "cultural attaché." He was actually a member of KGB—the Soviet secret police, trying to recruit a spy. "Which side are you on—ours or the Americans?" he asked Vanya. "You could better your position in life if you would cooperate." He quizzed Vanya about his intelligence work, told him candidly: "We want operational data, not classified material. We want to penetrate your office." Brother Volodya, an employee of the Scientific Institute for Cattle Raising and Animal Husbandry in Frunze (Kiriz Republic), added his own bit. He urged his brother to come home but added: "I think you understand that before you can return you must show your appreciation and gratitude."

The trio met once more in early May—again well chaperoned by the FBI. Vanya brought presents for the family in Russia, for Volodya was due to go home as he had come—disguised as a Soviet government official allegedly on temporary duty with the embassy in Washington. Sevastyanov, apparently



"JOY ANN" AND HER "BALCH"
The busy crew . . .

convinced he had Vanya signed up as a spy, spilled out a list of secret passwords, meeting places and directions by which Vanya would fall easily into the Soviet spy network in Washington. After that session, Vanya returned to his U.S. intelligence job, and Volodya went back to Russia unhindered because he was considered "a helpless tool of the secret police." Vanya never saw Sevastyanov again.

Last week the U.S. State Department released the pictures of the Soviet recruiting sessions, showing Sevastyanov hard at work at espionage, and demanded that he leave the country pronto. He did—the 27th Russian diplomat declared *persona non grata* since 1950.

The day after Sevastyanov's spydom was revealed, FBI raids in Washington and New York netted four more spies—all charged with passing on to Moscow information about U.S. missile bases, troop movements and harbor defenses.

In New York, agents nabbed Ivan D. Egorov, 41, a natty, \$10,000-a-year U.N. Secretariat staffer, and his wife Alexandra, 39. The pair put up a vicious battle when agents arrived to take them in, were finally hauled bodily from their modest apartment—he in handcuffs, she bound hand and foot. And in Washington, FBI men found a strange pair (still unidentified at week's end) passing as "Robert Keistutis Balch" and "Joy Ann Garber." They had taken the names of a couple of innocent living Americans: a Roman Catholic priest in Amsterdam, N.Y., and a housewife in Norwalk, Conn. Balch and his "Joy Ann" lived together in a \$90-a-month Washington apartment. He taught French at George Washington University; she was a hairdresser—although not a very good one, according to comments from customers in the shop where she worked.

Magnetic Matchboxes. Besides these four—all of whom face possible death penalties—the FBI implicated three other Russians in the ring: Alexei Ivanovich Galikin and Petr Egorovich Maslannikov (both were associated with U.N. missions, and both fled the U.S. three months ago), and someone the



THE EGOROVs

. . . was not worth very much.

FBI identified only as "a known Soviet intelligence agent."

The FBI had watched this husky group for months, frequently looked on as the spies skulked about sticking magnetic matchboxes full of information onto metal railings for other ring members to retrieve. Yet, of the information they collected, a Justice Department official said airily last week: "Generally it wasn't worth very much at all."

"Waiter, There's a Bug in My Drink!"

Russians are buggy about bugs. They hide listening devices in mattresses, under flowerpots, behind wallpaper. Three years ago, they even bugged the eagle's beak in the Great Seal of the U.S. that hung in the American embassy in Moscow. It is all part of the espionage game, and looking for hidden mikes is considered high good sport by Americans in Russia.

But last week came word of a new Soviet bug—a really non-cricket one. A U.S. military attaché met a diplomatic source in a Moscow bar, ordered a martini, then engaged his companion in deep conversation. The waiter brought the drinks ordered—including an extra martini, which he set on a nearby fireplace mantle. The attaché finished his first drink in a few minutes, but then he couldn't locate the waiter to order another. Thirstily, he picked up the martini from the mantle, took a sip, then bit into the olive—ouch.

That was no olive—it was an olive-colored, plastic voice transmitter; its "toothpick" was really an antenna. The attaché was appalled—not so much at the device itself, but at its location: "If the damned thing can work under gin," he gasped, "it can work anywhere."

* The employee was identified officially only by the pseudonym "Vanya," or "John," in photographs his face was blocked out. His employer is identified as an "affiliate" of the Central Intelligence Agency.

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

The Confrontation

A troupe of Patagonian jugglers would have received a warmer welcome from the Kremlin. Not a single Soviet reporter or photographer was on hand when the men from Peking appeared at Moscow airport; Pravda did not even mention their arrival. After months of invective, accusations and counteraccusations, the great confrontation between Soviet and Chinese Party delegations was finally at hand. East and West watched

ISRAEL SHENKER



TENG GREETED BY SUSLOV
Only the Chinese cheered.

the showdown—or what could be seen of it—with equal fascination.

Although Nikita Khrushchev suddenly discovered urgent business in Kiev, the Kremlin was stiffly correct about it all, sent out its chief dialectician, lanky, austere Mikhail Suslov, to meet the visitors. Head of Peking's seven-man mission: Teng Hsiao-ping, secretary-general of the Chinese Communist Party. As Teng stepped out of a Soviet TU-104 jet, a crowd of Chinese residents in Moscow, watched closely by a Chinese army colonel, sent up a cheer. Suslov smiled, stepped forward and shook Teng's hand. But the Russian omitted the usual brief welcoming address, instead politely suggested that Teng might like a two-hour rest before getting down to business. When a Chinese delegate remarked on the chilly 57° temperature, a Muscovite Red replied: "We hope it will get warmer."

Fresh Insults. In one sense, things undoubtedly got warmer when both sides met behind the massive walls of a

rarely used mansion in the Lenin Hills section of Moscow. Suslov and Teng exchanged toasts, but that was just routine. For under the pose of politeness, the Sino-Soviet quarrel was becoming ruder than ever. Without explanation, Peking suddenly withdrew its two entries from an international film festival about to open in Moscow. And just before the party leaders met, Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung exchanged a fresh round of insults over Red China's 25-point denunciation of Soviet policy. Although the Soviets themselves refused to publish it, Moscow complained last week that Chinese agents handed out the document in cities from Odessa to Leningrad and even in the atomic research center of Dubna, near Moscow. Chinese crews on the Peking-Moscow express scattered bundles of the manifesto through coach windows, used the train's public-address system to read the Chinese charges to the captive Soviet audience.

After Moscow expelled three Chinese diplomats for having a hand in this extraordinary circulation campaign, Peking leaders ostentatiously welcomed them home with bouquets of flowers. At the same time, the Chinese condemned the Soviet move as a violation of its right, as a government, to circulate statements abroad. Nonsense, replied the Soviets. What gave the Chinese the idea that they could "behave as though they were in one of the provinces of China?" Such tactics, fumed the Kremlin, violated Soviet sovereignty: "It is obvious that instead of searching for ways to a *rapprochement*, the Chinese leadership aims at aggravating differences."

Equally Matched. If that was Peking's purpose, it could find no better man than Teng. Short, stocky, in his 60s, Teng was believed badly crippled in the Chinese civil war, still has a limp and a nervous tic when he speaks—which does not keep him from speaking often and abrasively. No stranger to the Russians, he attended two previous Moscow meetings on the split—in 1957 and in 1960. A veteran of Mao's Long March to Yenan in the 1930s, Teng came to prominence as a political commissar in the army, since 1952 has risen to a place among the top four or five men in Red China's hierarchy. In prestige and personality he is a match for Suslov, 60, who for years was Stalin's ideological mouthpiece, and now supplies Khrushchev with the theoretical justifications for political strategy.

Inevitably, Western diplomats speculated whether the Red Chinese and the Soviets would sever party connections or diplomatic relations, carry the feud to a summit session of world Communist leaders, or merely agree to continue to be disagreeable. Whatever happened, the gravest schism in the history of Communism was at hand.

WHAT THEY ARE FIGHTING ABOUT

AT its simplest, the Russian-Chinese quarrel is over what strategy to follow toward the ultimate victory of Communism—and over who shall be in charge of operations. But beneath this there lies a far deeper split: the split between Communist theory and human reality.

Ever since Karl Marx predicted that the Revolution would break out in industrially advanced Western Europe, while it actually came in backward, agricultural Russia, such contradictions have haunted Communism. Today, according to Marxist theory, capitalism should be in its death throes, the working class in utter misery, and the former colonial peoples well on the road to Communism. Instead, capitalism is thriving. Western workers are going middle-class, and the ex-colonies tend toward Socialism but hardly toward Communism. Nikita Khrushchev favors changing the theory to fit these facts more closely; he is, as Peking accurately charges, a revisionist. Mao Tse-tung favors changing the facts to fit the theory; he is, as Moscow says, a dogmatist.

But both are also realists, motivated by different national interests, different economies, and different histories. Khrushchev, the ruler of a nation that has at last begun to gain some material rewards, argues that people are not interested in war or revolution but in peaceful prosperity, and that rocket-rattling will only drive millions away from Communism. Mao, ruler of a country with a lot less to lose, master of a peasantry whose appetites demand a bowl of rice, not a TV set or a car, replies in effect that he is not running a popularity contest with the West. Power cannot be won by wooing adherents but by fighting for it—otherwise Communism will atrophy.

From the Golden Horde to Yenan

Marxism pretends that it raises people above race and nation, but Moscow and Peking are divided by racial hostility and memories of conflict, which would persist even if ideological differences could be ironed out. Russia has never forgotten the Golden Horde of Genghis Khan, which swept west from Mongolia in the 13th century, conscripting Volga boatmen into the Khan's army and forcing local princes to kowtow. When, after 200 years, the Mongol Empire collapsed, the newly united Russians lost no time in getting even. "Where is China?" asked Czar Mikhail Romanov. "Is it rich? What can we lay claim to?" Russian claims (Manchuria, Outer Mongolia, Sinkiang) caused friction for centuries, down to the present. As late as 1949, when the Chinese Reds had virtually conquered the mainland from the Nationalists, Moscow was still

dickering for territorial concessions.

The Chinese still sneer at the Russians as "Big Noses" and consider them as alien as other Westerners. Moreover, the population pressure along the Sino-Soviet border is a constant menace to Moscow; by 1980 there will be 1 billion Chinese. When a British visitor suggested to Khrushchev not long ago that the Chinese masses would eventually explode north into Siberia or south to Australia, Nikita replied grimly: "I'm in favor of Australia."

From the start, Russian national interests also shaped Moscow's attitude toward the Chinese Communists. In the 1920s, Stalin ruthlessly sacrificed Mao's Communist movement to Chiang Kai-shek, whom he supported because he considered him a strong Soviet ally who would fight both Western and Japanese threats to Russian power. Decimated by Chiang, the ragged Chinese Communists survived in the caves of Yenan and eventually went on to conquer China, despite Stalin's warning that they were backward and not ready for revolution. After the war, Stalin sent Mao a Russian handbook of partisan strategy against the Nazis; Mao passed it to an aide who snorted: "If we had this as our textbook we would have been annihilated ten years ago."

Thus Mao was beholden to no one, least of all Stalin, for his victory. Yet ironically, the first open ideological crack in the Moscow-Peking partnership came over Khrushchev's 1956 denunciation of Stalin.

From "Secret Speech" to Sputnik

Mao had sent a message to the 20th Party Congress lavishly praising the dead dictator. Without bothering to consult the Chinese, Khrushchev delivered his famed "secret speech" to the Congress, in which he suddenly unmasked Stalin as a megalomaniacal tyrant. Peking was stunned. Mao felt—correctly, as was proved a few months later by the uprisings in Poland and Hungary—that the destalinization drive would touch off a wave of unrest. Even though Stalin had bullied and betrayed the Chinese Communists (as well as helped them, at a price, during the Korean war), Mao believed in Stalin's principle of centralizing rule, preferred a stable Red empire to one in ferment. The Chinese Communist Party Central Committee hastily called a secret session: a month later, Red China defiantly announced that, despite what the Kremlin had to say, Stalin's achievements outweighed his errors. On foreign policy Peking agreed—for the moment—to back Khrushchev's talk of peaceful coexistence with the West, since Mao himself was then energetically pushing the "Bandung spirit" of sweet neighborliness in Asia.

Even this qualified support for the Kremlin disappeared when, in August 1957, the Soviet Union test-fired its first ICBM and two months later launched

Sputnik. Russian rocketry, Peking decided, for the first time in history gave the Communist camp military superiority over the West; the Reds must now seize the advantage by fomenting revolutions in underdeveloped nations, even at the risk of war. Instead, Khrushchev pursued a *détente* with the West. In 1958 he agreed to a moratorium on nuclear testing in the atmosphere (broken in 1961), partly designed to freeze out Peking as an atomic power. When the Chinese wanted Russian atomic cover for a move against the offshore islands and Formosa, Moscow refused.

From Great Leap to Great Brawl

Meanwhile, the Russians did not seem eager to help their Chinese brothers with their growing internal economic difficulties. While Khrushchev wooed neutralist India and Egypt with aid, and even brought his moneybags on a pilgrimage to that renegade Red, Tito, not an additional ruble was allotted to Mao. The Red Chinese used the only surplus raw material at their command: people. Millions of peasants were herded into people's communes and hitched to plows. Peking broke up families, tried to ban money, jerry-built hundreds of "backyard" steel furnaces. The slogan was: "Communism can grow grain and make steel." Through brawn and "revolutionary romanticism" China was to turn almost overnight into an industrialized land. The Great Leap Forward was hailed as a short cut to Communism—and a slap at Moscow. Khrushchev warned that it could not be done. After a few months the experiment indeed collapsed. Gloating over the failure, Khrushchev told visiting Hubert Humphrey that Mao's idea had been foolishly "utopian."

By the time Nikita showed up in Peking in 1959, fresh from his tour of the U.S. and the meeting with Ike at Camp David, he was barely on speaking terms with his hosts. The airport was decorated with huge posters of Stalin; on the way to town, Khrushchev and Mao began an argument that lasted for the next four days. When the Soviet ruler left, not even the niceties of a formal communiqué were observed.

By early 1960 Mao had clearly given up hope of persuading Khrushchev to change his flexible cold war policy, and began an all-out Chinese offensive designed to topple Khrushchev from power. It was also the start of an endless argument about whether authority for Moscow's "peaceful coexistence" or Peking's "inevitability of war" could be found in the sacred Lenin texts. Actually Lenin, and even Stalin, had argued both ways at various times, depending on conditions—and Moscow pointed out that conditions were certainly different in the nuclear age. When Mao's men carried the attack into a meeting of world Communist leaders in Bucharest in June, Khrushchev was incensed. "One cannot mechanically repeat what Lenin

said decades ago," he shouted. "We live in a time when neither Marx nor Engels nor Lenin is with us. If we act like children who study the alphabet by building words out of letters, we shall not get very far."

A full-dress summit session of 81 Communist parties in Moscow in November 1960 produced a statement (adopted unanimously, of course) that merely lumped together these diametrically opposed opinions. Then last fall, the Red Chinese invasion of India only served to justify Khrushchev's view that Mao was a reckless fanatic, and Moscow ostentatiously failed to back Peking. As for Khrushchev's withdrawal of Soviet missiles from Cuba, the maneuver confirmed Mao's worst fears about vacillating Kremlin leadership, leaning first to "adventurism," then to "capitulationism." Thundered Peking: "It is 100% appeasement. A Munich pure and simple. Imperialism is only a paper tiger." To which Khrushchev replied: "The paper tiger has nuclear teeth. Only a madman would speak of a new world war."

And that is essentially where the argument still stands.

From Vision to Danger

Time was when Western skeptics wondered whether the Sino-Soviet split was real. Khrushchev, they figured, might be relatively nice to the West only long enough to wangle some concessions on NATO or nuclear arms control; then Mao would step in and together they would demolish the free world. Today it is inconceivable that the quarrel is merely an act. In fact, there is a growing vision—shared by such disparate prophets as Arnold Toynbee and Charles de Gaulle—of Russia and the West some day standing together as allies against China. Stranger things have happened in history. Yet the vision has its dangers.

The West has almost imperceptibly moved into a new era of softness toward Communism. Few any longer talk of defeating Communism; coexistence is more or less accepted in the West. This may be only realistic in the nuclear age. But all over the West there is a creeping notion that Khrushchev's kind of Communism can be lived with—that only Peking's is really bad—and this has taken much steam out of the anti-Communist position. Nikita's "reasonable" approach has helped the Italian Reds gain strength, has revived dreams of a new popular front among once solidly anti-Communist French socialists, has even prompted Belgian Foreign Minister Paul Henri Spaak to say that the removal of U.S. nuclear stockpiles from Western Europe might not be such a bad idea after all.

These are only modest Red gains. But Khrushchev can point to them to argue plausibly that he is not nearly so bad a Communist strategist as Peking makes him out to be.

WESTERN EUROPE

The Unvisit

Arriving in Bonn just 13 days after President Kennedy's triumphant visit, Charles de Gaulle made no effort to enter a popularity contest. Both French and Germans legitimately emphasized that the two-day trip was only a "working visit" as stipulated by the brand-new Franco-German Friendship Treaty. As far as protocol and the public were concerned, it was even a kind of unvisit—no parades, no crowds, none of the pageantry so dear to the heart of De Gaulle.

The Bonn press predicted that De Gaulle would try to whip the Germans into line in case they had got too friendly toward the U.S. He was not as crude as that. But he had been stung by Ken-

other, De Gaulle kept stressing the mystique of Europe, while Erhard tried to talk economics but found that the General was as little interested in such matters as the Chancellor. As for the Franco-German treaty, De Gaulle managed to sound both hopeful and casual. "Treaties," he said with a shrug, "are like roses and young girls. They last while they last."

WORLD LAW

"For Civilized Existence"

Someone once asked Solon how justice could be achieved in Athens. "It can be achieved," replied the great lawmaker, in substance, "if those people who are not directly affected by a wrong are just as indignant about it as those who are personally hurt." This

Suggested Improvements. Henry R. Luce, editor in chief of TIME Inc., recalled the Biblical passage, "Blessed are the peacemakers" and pointed out: "Note that the word is peacemakers—peace has to be made. Peace cannot merely be kept—not for long—by force of arms. Neither will peace be given to us as an undeserved gift from heaven. Overwhelmingly, peace is the work of justice, and the work of justice is mainly the work of the law." Luce urged his listeners to carry the case for world law "to all politicians and to all the governments of the world." Said he: "So far as I know, no President or Prime Minister has put the rule of law at the top of his political banner," but the "rule of law can become good politics."

In six days of deliberations, the jurists modestly began "the work of the law" by surveying the world's existing legal framework and making suggestions for improvement. Main conclusions:

- **THE UNITED NATIONS.** Really to be "mankind's best hope for a peaceful world," it needs more muscle. U.N. peace-keeping efforts should be codified, a permanent "peace police force" created, and the Security Council enlarged. The conference recommended partial abolition of the veto; henceforth it should not be permitted when a dispute can be settled peacefully. But there was plainly no desire to get involved in the touchy issue of U.N. financing.
- **THE WORLD COURT.** With most states (the U.S. included) reserving the right to ignore its jurisdiction, it has rendered only 13 final verdicts in its 18 years. More nations should bow to it, suggested the Athens meeting. The court should be empowered to hear cases between individuals as well as states; and the possibility of "regional world courts" should be explored.
- **FOREIGN INVESTMENT & TRADE.** Both should be protected by a framework of more efficient law. Statutes on foreign investment should be codified, and special courts considered for settling disputes. National committees of lawyers should be set up to study the legal machinery for trade, and improved policing of international patents.
- **SPACE.** The newest frontier provoked more questions than recommendations. Where does airspace (over which nations exert sovereignty) end, and outer space (which no country has yet claimed) begin? Are the moon and planets open domain—like Columbus' New World, where the hoisting of flag and cross was sufficient to establish sovereignty? On the latter, the conference said no—that the U.N. should be granted sovereignty over all objects of outer space, no matter which nation's space-ships land on them first. Delegates further suggested adoption of "the principle of liability for injury from space accidents," urged an international conference to forge a body of space law.

Salvation Proclamation. At week's end, these similar topics were adopted as a "global work program." The jurists also 1) agreed to found a World



"COME ON IN, CHARLES—JACK'S JUST LEFT . . ."

ned's Frankfurt speech about Atlantic unity (although dismissing it as "salade, salade, salade"), and De Gaulle obviously wanted to find out in Bonn if the Germans had been sufficiently impressed by it to move away from the Franco-German alliance. Answer: the Germans were just about standing still. They chided De Gaulle and his top ministers for the announced withdrawal of French naval units from the NATO fleet but did not press him on the question of Britain's eventual admission to the Common Market. There was some haggling on agriculture; because of a price-depressing agricultural surplus, which caused farm riots in southern France last week, the French had just closed their borders to imports of tomatoes and apricots, without notifying the Common Market. The only really substantive agreement: a massive youth exchange program.

Among other things, De Gaulle wanted to get to know Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, the man who will take over from Konrad Adenauer next fall. They had an hour's "friendly" conversation. Actually, they talked past each

other, generalized passion for justice has always been a hard standard to live up to, but U.S. Chief Justice Earl Warren cited it last week to set the theme for a major international meeting of jurists that convened last week in Solon's city. Formal title: "First World Conference on World Peace Through Law."

Ceremonially welcomed by the King and Queen of Greece in the marble halls of the Athens Hilton were 1,000 jurists from 105 nations. The conference was the culmination of a movement launched five years ago by World-Lawman Charles Sylvanus Rhync, past president of the American Bar Association, and followed a series of preparatory sessions in Costa Rica, Japan, Nigeria and Italy. Said Rhync in his keynote address: "We share one great ideal which transcends our diversity—a belief that in the rule of law lies the route to world peace." World law, Rhync cautioned, should not be thought of as "a dramatic panacea or cure-all for the world's ills, but rather a patient labor demanding immense and constant effort to develop the true basis for civilized progress and existence."



LAWYER RHYNE WITH KING & QUEEN
The ideal transcends diversity.

Peace Through Law Center, to be organized by Rhyne, which will serve as a research clearinghouse for all the world's legal systems, 2) set in motion plans for a World Rule of Law Year, 3) drew up a "Proclamation of Athens," stating their case before world opinion. "This conference," said the proclamation, "being deeply concerned with the fact that violation of the rule of law in international affairs can only lead to destruction of mankind through nuclear holocaust, hereby proclaims that law must replace force as the controlling factor in the fate of humanity."

One measure of the difficulty of that task: although invitations went to all Communist countries, none (with the exception of Yugoslavia) sent delegations to Athens.

GREAT BRITAIN

And Then There Were Three

Harold Macmillan valiantly tried to divert Britain's mind from sex and security. Displaying something like his old form in the House of Commons, he delivered an eloquent speech on prospects for disarmament and a summit conference that was received respectfully even by the Opposition. But Macmillan's eloquence could not diminish Tory distress over the three separate scandals that plagued his government.

First, of course, was the continuation of the Profumo Case. In Marylebone Magistrates' Court, Osteopath Stephen Ward, mentor of Christine Keeler and friend of disgraced War Secretary John Profumo, was ordered to stand trial on seven charges of procuring, arranging abortions, and living off the earnings of prostitution. By the close of the three-day hearing, Magistrate Leo Gradwell had permitted numerous witnesses to testify without revealing their identity, even allowed one witness to leave

the courtroom shrouded in a topcoat.

Next, there was the case of Italian Nuclear Physicist Giuseppe Enrico Martelli, who denied at the Old Bailey last week that he had prepared to spy for the Russians, said that on the contrary, for seven years he had resisted Russian pressure to become a Red agent. But the Crown contended that Martelli was caught with shoes that had hollowed-out secret compartments in the heels and that his cigarette packages contained wafer-thin pads with secret codes and passwords. Finally, there was the case of Harold Adrian Russell Philby, journalist, ex-Foreign Office official, and boon companion of Communist Spies Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, whose reappearance in the news recalled the most notorious of Britain's sex-and-spy scandals.

Out of Sight. "Kim" Philby had known Burgess since undergraduate days at Cambridge, welcomed him as a boarder in his house when both were stationed at the British embassy in Washington in 1950. When Burgess and Maclean eloped to Russia in 1951, Philby was forced to resign from the Foreign Office amidst a flurry of rumors that he was "the third man" who had tipped them off that the police were on their trail. Later, this charge was indignantly denied by Harold Macmillan, then Foreign Secretary, who personally vouched for Philby's good character. The Foreign Office even asked the Observer to hire Philby as a correspondent because "it seemed unfair that so able a man should be finding difficulty in earning a living now that he had clearance from the Foreign Secretary."

The publication took the hint and, along with the *Economist*, sent Philby to the Middle East, where his father, St. John Philby, the famed Arab scholar,

had spent years exploring the desert. But last January, beset with financial and alcohol problems, Philby suddenly disappeared from his Beirut home.

Last week, in the Commons, Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath revealed that Philby had surfaced "in one of the countries of the Soviet bloc." New information had come to light, said Heath, that revealed that Philby had been a Soviet agent while working for the government and in fact had been the tipster who had warned Burgess and Maclean. To the House, Macmillan praised Britain's security services for coming up with the new information—overlooking the fact that they had cottoned to it twelve years too late.

Case of Jitters. In Moscow, Guy Burgess was amused by the revelations in Parliament. "Mark you, my dear boy," he told a reporter, "the longer I stay in the Soviet Union and read about the scandals in England, the more glad I am to be here, the more I believe that any civilized person like Philby might easily want to come here." But Burgess denied that Philby or anyone else had warned him and Maclean that they were under suspicion. In fact, declared Burgess, Maclean only learned that he was being tailed when a London taxi he was riding in one day was rammed in a traffic accident by a carful of British secret service agents. Summing up "this latest schemozzle" involving the British government, Burgess remarked: "Someone once said, 'There is nothing so squalid as a patrician in a panic.' The head of British Security is usually a patrician, and panic seems to be universal."

Back home, the Tories might not be panicked, but they were showing a bad case of the jitters. In two by-elections, Conservative candidates finished dismally behind Labor.



UNIDENTIFIED WITNESS LEAVING MARYLEBONE COURT
The schemozzle still causes jitters.



THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

In the shadow of the Otherworld, a new brightness in the air.

IRELAND

Lifting the Green Curtain

[See Cover]

The summer sky still breaks over the land in splinters of green, gold or luminous waves of grey, staining the hills blue and purple and vermillion, heaping the valleys with shimmering veils of mist. In that weird, wet Atlantic light—or so they say—the swarthy chieftains and pale queens who once ruled the five kingdoms of Celtic Ireland still clatter across country. As the island's endless sleight-of-sky creates and dissolves horizons, the landscape seems dreamily unreal. The reality of Ireland is special: it lies on a border region where tragedy and laughter, jollity and gloom, hell and the happy isles converge—and as such it may reflect human existence more truly than what usually passes for realism.

The Irish have always cultivated the art of living, and they still have time and space for the slow perusal of race horses, the thoughtful consumption of stout, and weighty disputation in rich, foamy periods that make English English seem like verbal porridge. Ireland's traditional shanachies, its Gaelic storytellers, still spin their grave tales in the western counties, and of late have also favored Radio Eireann with their art. Tinkers' carts still creak along country roads; city air is as pure as Connemara spring water. Off the Aran Islands, fishermen still go out in currachs, their ancient coracles, and never learn to swim because they know death takes longer if they do. Ireland has in abundance the qualities that often seem to be dis-

appearing elsewhere: kindliness, an unruly individualism, lack of snobbery, ease, style and, above all, sly humor. Though the Irish have lived much of their lives with bloodshed and privation, their tales of the bad times are recounted with as little rancor as if they were retelling the saga of Lugh of the Long Arm and the time he slew Balor of the Evil Eye with his slingshot.

But while the Irish cling to their past, there are signs today that the nation is also at last facing up to its future. For the first time in this century, most Irishmen are ready to believe that it can be a bright one.

Huzzas & Silence. The signs are everywhere: in the new factories and office buildings, in the Irish-assembled cars (Fords, Austins, Volkswagens) fighting for street space in Dublin, in the new TV antennas crowding the rooftops, in the waning of national self-pity. The signs are provided by the new hotels and carriage-trade castles, by the well-dressed people shopping in supermarkets, by the death of many glorious clichés, by the whole panorama of Ireland's land and leaders (see color pages).

The nation's new mood is that of Sean Lemass, who four years ago succeeded Eamon de Valera as Taoiseach (Prime Minister). Though Lemass has been De Valera's protégé and heir apparent for three decades, the two men could not be more dissimilar. "Dev," the aloof, magnetic revolutionary with a martyr's face and mystic's mind, was the sort of leader whom the Irish have adored in every age. Sean Lemass, a reticent, pragmatic planner called "The Quiet Man," is by

temperament and ancestry more Gallic than Gaelic, and represents a wholly new species of leadership for Ireland. In De Valera's shadow, the new Taoiseach (pronounced tea-shook) has labored single-mindedly for decades to break the vicious circle of declining living standards and dwindling population that threatened Ireland's very survival as a nation.

Lemass' bold program of industrialization has already created new jobs and wealth in an economy whose primary product, beef for Britain, has been the same for as long as there have been potatoes to go with it. As new opportunity at home lowers the perilously high emigration rate, the government is finally beginning to rebut the bitter quip that Ireland is "a home for men rather than a breeding ground for emigrants and bullocks."

The country's rapturous huzzas for John Kennedy were more than an expression of pride in a Gael made good—to many young Irishmen, he seems more real than the Irish martyrs whose streaked statues fill Dublin's parks with silent declamation. Jack's homecoming epitomized to the Irish the successful distance they themselves have traveled.

Spanglish & Spells. However far they may go, the Irish retain a deep sense of their past and the myths and memories that crowd their wild, lonely land. "The gods whistle in the air," wrote Sean O'Faolain. "The Otherworld is always at one's shoulder." The Otherworld and the real past are inseparably bound together in the Irish imagination and in the runic place names, from the pagan landmark called Two Breasts of Dana to ancient Waterford, where in 1170 Strongbow, the Norman Earl of Pembroke, clamped 7½ centuries of English rule on Ireland. What the mists of legend cannot obscure is that for ages of religious persecution and economic exploitation, through countless risings and reprisals, the Irish slaved, starved and battled for their land as stubbornly as for Ireland itself were the Isle of the Blest.

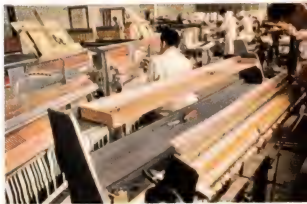
The remote little island in the Atlantic has cast its shadow across the civilized world since the Dark Ages, when Irish priests and scholars roamed Europe expounding new (and mostly heretical) theologies. In a diaspora even greater than the expulsion of the Jews, more than 3,000,000 Irishmen in the past 100 years have scattered across the world, forming what an Irish writer calls "one of the world's great secret societies, with branches everywhere"—though the society was never very secret. Everyone has his own list of great Irishmen, but there is no denying that the gifts of the Irish have always enriched other countries more than their own. Their talent for politics, for faith, above all for words, gave more brilliant politicians, distinguished churchmen and magical writers to the U.S. and the rest of the world than to Ireland. Perhaps only their talent for fighting, while am-



INDUSTRIAL BOOM, fed by foreign investment, is illustrated by Volkswagens flowing on a busy Dublin assembly line.



MINING TOOLS, including drills with synthetic-diamond tips, are made in South-African-owned Shannon plant.



PIANOS for Dutch firm are strung and fitted by skilled Irish craftsmen in Shannon.



DRIED CARROTS, rapidly frozen for flavor, get careful check by County Cork collectors. Export business is Ireland's first attempt to cut into world's frozen-food market.



NEW PLANTS AND HOUSING make Shannon nation's thriving commercial center. The industrial park at airport offers foreign businesses tax cuts and freedom from duty.

CARGO OF STOUT is loaded aboard Guinness brewery ship bound for Liverpool. Dublin Custom House dominates River Liffey scene, with bus station in background.





FOX HUNTING in Irish manner calls for kennel of highly trained hounds. First-rate pack, owned by Lord Daresbury,

surrounds master at exercise time on his County Limerick estate. Ireland's hunting is well known for its rugged pace.



SPORTING EVENTS find Irishmen in their element, here packing stands to cheer fast field at Dublin's Baldoyle track. Pre-occupation with horseracing makes legalized betting \$59 million annual business.



FOOTBALL, played rough and tough, is another favorite Irish sport. This tussle is an amateur match in Dublin.

GOLF on Portmarnock links by Irish Sea gives player constant challenge of stiff sea breeze. Championship course, one of 206 in nation, has been called best in world by Arnold Palmer.





AMERICAN ARTIST Morris Graves fled West Coast success for more leisurely and contemplative life he found in Dublin.



DIRECTOR John Huston, another famed U.S. expatriate, spends time off from films as squire on his Galway estate.



AUTHOR Frank O'Connor brings to readers a real glimpse of Irish life in masterful short stories.

ENTREPRENEUR Brendan O'Regan combines job as head of Irish tourist office with promoting Shannon's industrial park.



THE PEOPLE, once Ireland's most famous export, now are more inclined to stay at home as country

strives to revitalize. This gallery of Irish faces is from a Sunday afternoon football crowd in Dublin.



ARCHITECT Michael Scott, here before his glass-sheathed TV center, plans everything from new Abbey Theater to hospitals.



PAINTER Patrick Scott, well-known Dublin abstract artist,

poses before his *Solar Device*, tempera work on linen canvas.



DESIGNER Sybil Connolly brings love of Irish fabrics to fashion world, specializes in use of lace, linen and tweed.



DUBLIN STREET SCENE, in heart of city at O'Connell and Westmoreland intersection, is a swirl of heavy traffic. New prosperity has brought new problems: first speed

limits ever have been imposed in densely populated areas and first drivers' tests are planned. Number of vehicles crowding roads has increased 100% in the past ten years.

ply exported, as amply remained at home.

Though in foreign lands, they invincibly stayed themselves; they also showed an uncanny ability to adapt to other cultures, whether in Latin America, where they concocted a lilting lingua franca known as Spanglish, or Down Under, where they developed a spectacular sport known as Australian Rules, a blend of Gaelic football and rugby. Though there was hardly a country or a field of endeavor where Irishmen failed to make a mark or a mint, the diminishing number of their compatriots at home kept wondering fretfully if they were a vanishing race.

In 1845, before the potato famine decimated its population, Ireland was Western Europe's most densely settled country; since then, its 9,000,000 inhabitants have dwindled to 2,824,000. Ireland is the only nation in Europe whose population has shrunk in that time. While Irishmen left the country in waves, they entered it in a trickle, for Ireland has the lowest marriage rate, and one of the lowest birth rates, in all Europe. To the Neo-Malthusian, the Irish would seem models of ecological balance. In a country where food production is barely increasing, 66% of all Irish males between 20 and 39 are bachelors, and vast numbers of men and women die single.

"Holy Ireland." The exodus from Ireland, which Novelist George Moore ironically justified by calling Ireland "a fatal disease" from which "it is the plain duty of every Irishman to dissociate himself," continued after the country won its independence from Britain in 1921. As in most other newly liberated countries, the men who took over were romantic revolutionary heroes, steeped in the Otherworld but ill prepared by experience to meet the practical challenges of building a modern nation. "When Drake was winning seas for England," in Poet Patrick Kavanagh's rueful lines, "We sailed in puddles of the past." For the most part, Ireland's post-liberation politicians and intellectuals seemed determined to ignore the seas for the puddles. For years they kept up the strident outcry over partition and winked at endless, squalid raids on the Ulster border. Ireland, after all, was a divided country for decades before such latecomers to partition as Germany, Korea and Viet Nam.

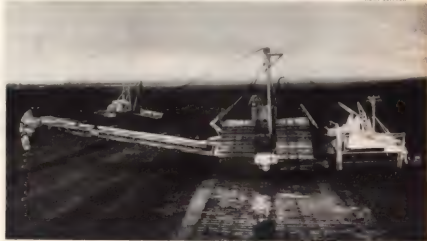
In many refreshing ways, the land has remained true to its leaders' vision of a pastoral "Holy Ireland." The Irish spend only one-fifth as much yearly (\$8,000,000) for defense as New Yorkers pay each year for garbage collection. They do not support a single superhighway, nightclub, parking meter, strip joint or subway. The suicide rate is Europe's lowest. Crimes of any kind are few and getting fewer—although the authorities admit that the nation's commonest transgression, larceny of pedal cycles, bears watching.

Porter & Shamrock. In economic terms, Ireland's insular ideal proved disastrous. True to the aims of the Sinn Féin (Ourselves Alone) movement, the government in the '30s discouraged foreign investment in Ireland, raised some of the world's highest tariff barriers to exclude British goods and protect new, highly inefficient domestic industry. The result of its belt tightening was a rising tide of emigrants that by 1956 reached 600,000, highest since the 1890s.

Among those who stayed on, there was a paralyzing sense of frustration and fatalism. Life was not only hard—it was dull. To many Irishmen, the perverse, pervasive mediocrity of their culture was typified by Gaelic-worship.

After four decades of broody isolation, and seemingly pro-German neutrality in World War II (although in their contrary way, many Irish volunteered for the British army), a newly outward-looking Ireland has acquired international influence out of all proportion to its size or political power. In the United Nations, the nonaligned Irish—led by Ambassador Frederick Boland, who was President of the General Assembly in the time of Khrushchev's shoe-banging tantrum—are universally respected. In the Congo, where 5,000 Irish troops have served—and 26 died—with the U.N. peacekeeping mission, their probity and discipline command the admiration of Africans and Belgians

ALAN CLIFFON



PEAT HARVESTING MACHINE
Overhead, profits from shamrock-painted planes.

The dying Gaelic tongue had become the badge of Irish nationalism during the revolution—though few of its leaders could speak it. Even before 1949, when the Republic of Eire was established, the government had made Gaelic language study compulsory in the schools, even encouraged students to take other subjects entirely in Gaelic.

After the long emotional excitement of the fight for independence, Ireland in the postwar years seemed to be hibernating, caught in a descending spiral of cynicism and feckless nostalgia. Its malaise was expressed by Playwright Sean O'Casey: "Someone or something is ruining us. What do we send out to the world now but woeful things—youthful lads and lassies, portlier, greyhounds, sweep tickets, and the shamrock green? We've scattered ourselves over the wide world, and left our own sweet land thin. We're just standing on our knees now."

Bloody Baluba. Today the Irish are beginning to stand on their feet. In business and government, universities and pubs, there is a new sense of purpose and push, a mounting awareness that Ireland has finally begun to make its way in the world.

alike. The experience has added a new term of abuse to the Irishman's copious vocabulary of invective: "You bloody Baluba!" The U.N. Irish have taught many a native to dance a jig. Says a captain from Cork: "Only the Irish and other heathens can appreciate our dashing pipes."

Two-Way Bridge. As the man who has done most to end his country's long sleep, Sean Lemass got his chance when he took over as Taoiseach in 1959. De Valera, near-blind and doggedly indifferent to the country's worsening economic plight, was persuaded by his own Fianna Fail Party to step aside for Lemass and run for the presidency. His successor, after 19 years as Minister of Commerce and Industry, was passionately convinced that Ireland's timorous protectionism could only lead to national extinction. As Fianna Fail's new leader, Lemass was the antithesis of all the old fire-breathing heroes, talked trade and tariffs to the voters in intense, rapid-fire sentences that many found hard to follow. "That Lemass!" snorted

* A tribe in north Katanga that ambushed an Irish contingent in 1960, killing ten of its soldiers.



THE TAOISEACH & HIS TRIBE*
Up the population.

one dubious Dublin politician. "He couldn't lead Ireland over O'Connell Bridge."

What Sean Lemass wanted most was to lure foreign investors over O'Connell Bridge. The new Prime Minister sent blarney-blessed salesmen around the world persuading foreign industries to set up plants in Ireland. They offered one of the few labor surpluses in all Europe, liberal grants for equipment and construction, and additional cash to companies that would build plants and train workers in Ireland's pinched north-west and south.

Many Irishmen were profanely skeptical, but the program so far has proved a gallivanting success. Ireland today is in the throes of a belated industrial revolution that is boosting living standards, diversifying its farm-based economy, and will increasingly absorb the talents that the nation breeds. Since 1955, 160 new Irish and foreign-backed plants have created 21,000 new jobs and are turning out goods ranging from transistor radios (Japanese) and pianos (Dutch) to heavy cranes for a German company and oil heaters for a French firm. Fifty more plants are nearing completion, most notably a French-owned aviation factory to turn out a new, short-haul plane aimed specifically at U.S. feeder airlines.

The shiny new plants in Shannon, Cork, Limerick, Dublin and Killarney ("Just like the Black Forest," says a West German industrialist who has built a factory there) have worked no economic miracle in Ireland to compare with Europe's boom. But industrial pro-

duction has risen 20% in three years. And its success is stanching the population outflow: from an average of 43,000 a year, the number of emigrants dropped by more than 50% last year, is expected to total only 14,000 in 1963. Many emigrants are now returning to take jobs back home.

Four Rs. Today's expansion would not have been possible if Sean Lemass had not started laying the groundwork long ago. Lemass is the great-grandson of a hatter who landed in Dublin in 1820. A young-appearing 63, he is by age, if not by political style, a member of the generation that freed Ireland and has ruled it ever since. At school, he learned his four Rs—in the Dublin of 50 years ago, revolution was part of the curriculum—and by the age of 14 had joined the Republican Na Fianna Eireann, a sort of Boy Scout underground. Two years later, when the Irish Republican Army occupied the Dublin post office at the start of the botched 1916 Easter Week rising, Sean was the youngest rebel of them all, spent four days on the roof with a rifle, waiting for the British to mount an old-fashioned infantry charge. He says wryly: "I'm afraid we had rather naive ideas about modern warfare."

When British shells ended the fiasco, 15 Irish leaders were shot. Young Lemass was taken prisoner and released within a month, presumably because of

his age. According to cherished, if apocryphal Dublin legend, "the cops gave him a kick in the arse and told him to go home to his mom."

Poor Risk. But in the turbulent years when the Irish rebels fought against Britain's Black and Tans, Sean Lemass grew into a rugged guerrilla fighter in the I.R.A.'s Dublin Brigade. He was jailed by the English four times, escaped once. After the 1921 treaty, by which Britain created the self-governing Irish Free State but retained jurisdiction over the six Protestant counties of Ulster, civil war flared between "pro-treaty" Irishmen and De Valera's followers, who cried that Ireland could not accept partition. Lemass, an officer on De Valera's staff, was captured by the other side and imprisoned for a year. In jail he continued his war-shattered education with a cram course in economics, politics and Irish revolutionary writings.

Though he never returned to prison after his release in 1923, four-time Loser Lemass was plainly a poor matrimonial risk. When he started courting pretty, vivacious Kathleen Hughes, he had the added disadvantage of having to placate her father, a Dublin carpenter and an Angliophile. He warned his daughter: "That boy is always on the run; he'll never be able to make a home for you." Kathleen decided to risk it anyway. They were married in 1924, have a son Noel, who is a Member of Parliament, and three daughters (the eldest, Maureen, is married to Charles Haughey, the shrewd, hard-knuckled Minister of Justice, who is tipped as a potential Prime Minister).

* Back row, far right, Sean Lemass; next to him, Son-in-law and Justice Minister Charles Haughey; at far left, Son Noel; front row, far right, Wife Kathleen; on settee, right, Daughter Maureen (Mrs. Haughey).

Heat with Peat. When Sinn Féin broke apart, young Lemass was the chief architect of De Valera's new Fianna Fáil (Heroes of Destiny) Party, which came to power in 1932 and has been in office almost continually ever since. At 32, Lemass was the youngest member of De Valera's Cabinet and earned the affectionate Biblical sobriquet "Benjamin" (after Jacob's youngest son). Though Dev had taught mathematics—and is fervently believed by many fond compatriots to be one of the 13 men on earth who comprehend the theory of relativity—the *Taoiseach* had neither head nor heart for economics, and left Benjamin to run his ministry as he saw fit.

Lemass faced monumental problems, for during the '30s the government was locked in a vindictive, futile economic war with the English, though it remained economically dependent on Britain. He strove desperately to mobilize enough new industry to supply the nation's basic needs, though at high cost; he also founded the state transport network and organized a national merchant marine in time to keep Ireland defunct during World War II, in which he took on the additional job of Minister of Supply, and by brilliant improvisation averted crippling shortages.

Until recently, it was axiomatic that "nobody but a fool would invest" in Ireland. Lemass did not hesitate to use public funds wherever private capital was not forthcoming for key projects. He took over a one-horse power company and built it into a nationwide network that has electrified 76% of all Irish farms. The country had no oil and little coal, but Lemass found an inexhaustible source of industrial fuel in its peat bogs, where huge machines now cut turf that a busy, state-owned processing plant turns into inexpensive, slow-burning briquettes. After a long political wrangle, he got Ireland's state-owned airline off the ground, and has watched happily as Aer Lingus' shamrock-painted planes have made it one of the few government airlines to turn a consistent profit on the Atlantic run.

The very word socialism terrifies Fianna Fáil supporters, who are not only overwhelmingly Catholic but include many small landowners. Yet one-third of all industrial enterprises in Ireland today are bankrolled by the government, which has gone farther toward nationalization than even Britain's Socialists advocate. Lemass says he shares the attitude toward socialism that was expressed in the late Pope John's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*: that no political system is undesirable if it benefits the people.

Trim Sails. In 1957, after their children had grown up, Sean and Kathleen Lemass moved from their big old house in Dublin to an unpretentious seven-room bungalow in a pleasant suburb south of the capital, where the Prime Minister is picked up by a government

car at 9:45 a.m. each day. He seldom returns until after dinner. Some years ago, Lemass cut down on golf and cards—to the relief of old poker cronies who usually wound up losers when Lemass played—to devote more time to the job. Sturdy (5 ft. 10 in.) and carefully groomed, he holds among his few foibles an aversion to the Byronic manes affected by many Irishmen, and he does not hesitate to bark at friends, underlings or his son when they need haircuts.

Some politicians criticize Lemass for being too much of a pragmatist. "He's a bit of a fly-boy," said Labor Party Leader James Larkin. "He trims his sails to different winds." The greatest challenge that Lemass has to face as a politician is to revitalize drab, unimaginative Fianna Fáil, many of whose front-bench heroes of destiny have been around since Dev first came to office. Seven of the 13 members of the Lemass Cabinet are 60 or under, which is a relatively green age in Irish politics but hardly green enough. Though he has little of the personal magnetism of Old Spellbinder Dev, the Quiet Man's drive to get Ireland into the world's markets and forums has attracted some of the bright, restive young Irishmen who are showing a revival of interest in politics.

Total Effort. Lemass' most bruising disappointment in office was Charles de Gaulle's rejection of British membership in the Common Market last year. Determined to take Ireland into Europe alongside Britain, Lemass had already started whittling tariff barriers to give Ireland's older and most cosseted industries a whiff of the cold competitive wind outside. To clear the way for Ireland's entry, which he now believes cannot come before 1970, Lemass has unequivocally committed his nation, which has 9,000 men under arms, to support of

NATO policies. In 1949, at NATO's founding, the government declined membership with the legalistic argument that to join an alliance with Britain would be tantamount to recognition of Ulster, whose existence the republic has never accepted.

To Lemass, by contrast, one of the most compelling motives for seeing Britain and Ireland inside the European Community is the very prospect that Ireland would thereby take a step closer to reunification. Automatic dismantling of their mutual tariff barriers under Common Market rules, says Lemass, would finally necessitate a degree of co-operation between Protestant and Catholic Ireland. Instead of the present prolonged farce of nonrecognition—neither country will even permit extradition of criminals by the other—and continued stagnation of Ulster's economy, Lemass foresees "a total national effort in which old differences and animosities can be forgotten."

All the Details. The government's eagerness to raise Ireland's "Green Curtain," as Lemass calls it, reflects a growing cosmopolitanism in the universities and population centers. The Irish have made executives and technicians from more than a dozen countries resoundingly welcome. They cheered mightily for Schoolgirl Harumi Suzuki, eight-year-old daughter of a Japanese plant manager at Shannon, when she carried off first and third prizes for Irish poetry and Gaelic recitation. Young Ireland's horizons are being broadened by the foreign students who have been flocking to Irish universities, where they comprise nearly 17% of total enrollment; most come from Afro-Asian countries, where the distinctive accent of ex-colonial, nonaligned Dublin has become something of a status symbol. The visit-



DE VALERA (FAR LEFT ON PLATFORM) REVIEWING I.R.A. TROOPS CIRCA 1921
Out of the puddles.



THE ROYAL SHOW BAND & FANS AT DUBLIN'S CRYSTAL BALLROOM
Are war and the gods still more important than mere love?

ing students, in turn, have generated new interest in language and history courses among their Irish friends.

The ultraconservative Roman Catholic clergy still heavily censors the arts and entertainment. At one time or another, many of the best native authors have been banned from libraries, including works by George Moore, Liam O'Flaherty, O'Casey, Frank O'Connor, Shaw, Brendan Behan. But things are easing up a little. Cinematic sex has become so much sexier and more frequent, explains Justice Minister Haughey, that the censors have been told to go easy with the scissors, "or else our cinemas won't get any films at all." Another sign of the new liberality is a scheduled visit by the Bolshoi Ballet to Dublin this month, for Irish mistrust of the intriguing Russians is so keen that they have yet to recognize the 45-year-old Soviet government.

Television, which now lights up more than 200,000 screens, is a perennial assault on Gaelic puritanism. Ireland's own station competes with programs beamed from Britain that seem incredibly risqué to Irish viewers; the BBC's uninhibited coverage of Christine Keeler's exploits has even joggled the stodgy, self-censoring Irish press into giving readers all the details. Many Irishmen, increasingly resentful of censorship, have taken to sampling censored books, films or plays by taking the 90-minute flight to London—where far more horrendous temptations abound.

Rebels & Monarchs. The Irish have written some of the tenderest love lyrics in English literature, but in their actual contact with the opposite sex, Irishmen sometimes resemble Colombia's Kogi Indians, who, despising women, spend all

their time discussing philosophy with other males and chewing cocoa leaves to cool off the sexual urges. An acid axiom among Irish girls runs: "Put an Irish feller in a room with a girl and two bottles of stout, and he'll pick the stout any time." Many explanations have been offered for his seeming misogyny: the epic suspicion that war and the gods are more important than mere love; the relentless emotional dominance of Irish mothers over Irish sons; the oddly puritanical streak in Irish Catholicism; above all, the heritage of hardship that gives the Irish a mortal terror of insecurity and encourages them to stay celibate.

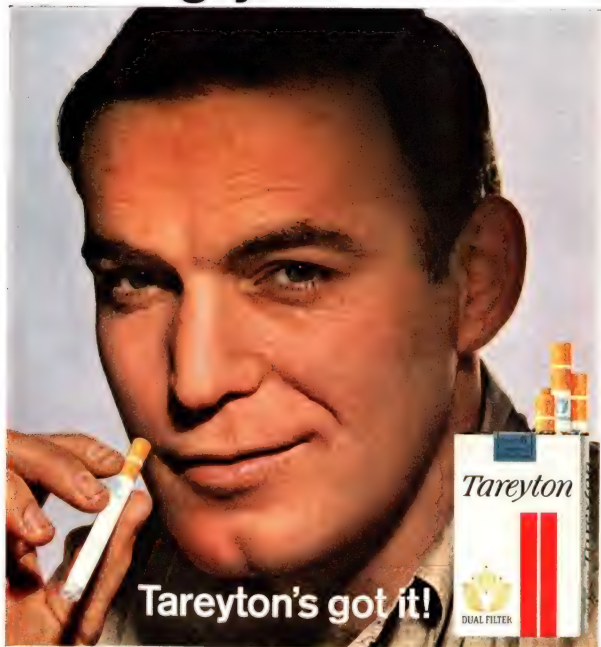
At least some of these factors are changing, and the relations between the sexes seem less self-conscious and at times downright friendly. The Irish now wed younger; the average marriage age dropped from nearly 35 for men in 1929 to just over 30, from 29 for women to just under 27. For the young, one of the most joyous innovations in recent years has been a proliferation of dance halls, which have reached scores of small communities, and a burgeoning of "show bands"—200 in all—that keep the Ould Sod jumping with hippety-hoppy jazz and carry such intriguing names as Rebels, Jets, Monarchs. Unlike the old days, when the local priest would often disperse a country-celidh at sundown, dance-hall hours are regulated by magistrates, who tend to be more liberal. And, as always, the Western World has its Playboys. In London, where one in eight births is illegitimate, authorities report that a disproportionate number of unwed Pegeens come over to have their babies free on Britain's National Health Service.

The most conspicuous vice of the Irish in times past has been "the drink." Today, though the pubs keep longer hours and most Irishmen can afford to drink more, public drunkenness is no longer the common spectacle it used to be, and barefoot boys no longer trot through city streets bearing jugs of foaming stout or bottles of brandy home to dad. The younger generation seems to be more sober than its parents. Also, alcoholic habits are changing: more drinking is done at home nowadays; cocktails and hard liquor are cutting into beer consumption; and many pubs, which had long been jealously guarded male preserves, have opened "singing lounges" where an Irishman can take his wife or girl. The image of the boozey, belligerent Irishman—condemned as sheer hostile propaganda by Sean Lemass—dies hard, nonetheless. Indeed, drunk or sober, few people on earth can raise a glass (or two) with greater gusto or style.

Radiant Goals. Ireland faces many more urgent problems. The country is still critically short of modern housing; hundreds of once elegant Georgian mansions in Dublin have for years held some of Europe's most squalid slums. While the government has succeeded in easing Ireland's historically harsh system of farm leasing, nearly 1,000,000 of the country's 11 million acres of agricultural land are still covered by eleven-month leases, which discourage tenants and owners alike from improving the land (after twelve months on a farm, an Irish tenant has a legal claim to buy it). Though 45 acres of good land are the accepted minimum for a viable farm, there are still 208,000 farms (of 360,000) with less than 30 acres each. In the poor western counties, one in three farms is still less than 15 acres, and sons grow old waiting for fathers to die.

Though Sean Lemass is often chided in Parliament for foot-dragging on housing and farm reform, most of the nation's problems are a longtime legacy of national poverty and political timidity. What is radiantly different about Ireland today is the serious expectation that its ills and lags will in fact be corrected. Lemass will soon release details of a new six-year economic program that aims to boost the G.N.P. 50% by 1970. If it succeeds—and his goals in the past have been set far short of actual performance—the nation will have traveled a long way from "the unfortunate country" of Ireland's ancient lament. The varied and lively virtues of the Irish, which in the past have often shaded into weaknesses when they were not vigorously applied to a cause, are the nation's best assurance that it can find the future it seeks for itself. However bright the goal, Ireland will still be many light-years away from the Blest Isle. But—who knows?—they may have their Troubles there too.

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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Travel Now—Pay Later

During last October's missile crisis, every Latin American nation lined up solidly behind the U.S. in demanding the immediate removal of Russian rockets from Cuba. Now that the missiles are no longer in evidence and Castro is singing a coexistence tune, there is no solidarity in Latin America on what to do about his Communist regime. Last week the OAS was asked to approve a series of moves designed to minimize Castro's infiltration and subversion around the hemisphere. Among the recommendations was a formal ban on all travel to and from Cuba. Only 14 nations voted aye. Brazil, Mexico, Haiti and Venezuela abstained. Chile was firmly against.

As an expression of Latin American sentiment, the vote was a bitter disappointment to the U.S. While Latins are well aware of Castro's troubling Mexico, for example, takes many shots of every Cubana Airlines passenger, many nations are still reluctant to go on record in favor of anything that suggests intervention in the affairs of a sovereign state. Even embattled Venezuela, long Castro's No. 1 target, refused to go along, arguing that a travel ban and other moves to tighten internal security were police state tactics. "My government," said Venezuela's OAS delegate, "cannot accept fighting Communist subversion with measures that are not in strictest conformity with democratic principles." U.S. citizens in Caracas, subjected to harassment and bombings in recent weeks, think this excess of scrupulosity helps explain Venezuela's poor security protection.

In the face of so much opposition, the U.S. last week withdrew a second measure against Castro that it had planned to put before the OAS: a call for an OAS economic embargo on Cuba, restricting all trade and commercial relations. The trade is small in any event—only about \$13 million last year between Castro and the rest of Latin America—and to press ahead now on a ban might cause more divisiveness within the OAS than trouble for Castro.

BRITISH GUIANA

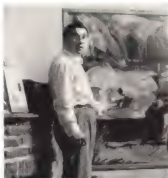
A Nearness to Civil War

A general strike has been raging in British Guiana for eleven weeks against the regime of Marxist Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan. The bitter division of the colony between the Negroes and the East Indians (still loyal to their countryman Jagan) is worsening. Violence is spreading from the Georgetown capital to the countryside, where enraged mobs of anti-Jagan Negroes battle with the East Indian farmers.

As the fighting continued, Jagan appointed his wife, Chicago-born Janet Rosenberg, a onetime Young Commu-

nist Leaguer and the colony's most controversial woman, to be Minister of Home Affairs, making her, in effect, British Guiana's top cop. Neither Janet nor her police have been able to quiet things. All that prevents outright racist civil war is the presence of 500 British troops that Jagan called upon to protect his tottering regime.

In London Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys rejected any suggestion that Britain suspend British Guiana's self-governing constitution and take charge, but another 145 troops were airlifted to British Guiana "because of a deterioration in the situation." At week's end, the efforts of a British negotiator finally brought a truce between Jagan's government and the striking unions. But the racial differences have cut so deep that no easy end to the violence was expected.



JUAN CARLOS CARDOSO

After seven years, nine months, two weeks, a few odd days.

picana eléctrica, an "electric needle" that delivered a 12,000-volt jolt. Applied to the lips, soles of the feet or genitals, the *picana* made the victim convulse with shrieking pain, while leaving no marks. "With the *picana*," Juan Cardoso once boasted, "you can extract in one session confessions that would have taken four days of sissified questioning."

For four years the brothers plied their trade. In 1952 Eva Perón gave Juan Cardoso a gold cup as "best detective of the year." Then when Perón was finally ousted in 1955, the boys hopped on a motorcycle, raced to the Paraguayan embassy and requested political asylum. The new Argentine government angrily demanded their return as common criminals. But the Paraguayans insisted that the Cardosos were political refugees.

All the Comforts. Meantime, the boys settled down in the embassy's dank



LUIS AMADEO CARDOSO

ARGENTINA

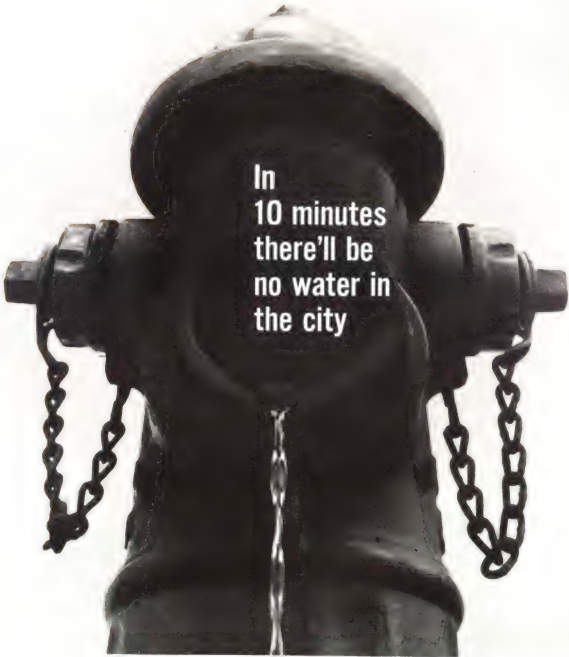
Men Who Came to Dinner

Next to the Paraguayan embassy's main entrance on bustling Calle Viamonte in downtown Buenos Aires, a small, dark doorway ducks down into a forbidding, grottolike cellar. A bored cop stands guard outside, and sometimes passers-by stop to stare. For seven years, nine months, two weeks and a few odd days, the cellar has been home to Brothers Juan Carlos Cardoso, 46, and Luis Amadeo Cardoso, 41, making them easily the current champions in that treasured Latin American institution known as political asylum. Only Peru's Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, who fled to the Colombian embassy in Lima in 1949—holed up for five years, three months, four days—ever approached their record.

Electric Needle. "We have had many chances to escape," says Juan Cardoso, "but if we were to leave now, it might be an admission of guilt." For Argentines, an admission is hardly necessary. When Dictator Juan Perón was in power, the Cardosos were notorious for winning "confessions" from the regime's prisoners. Their prize persuader was the

cellar. To keep from getting on each other's nerves, they have partitioned it into two separate living quarters, installed a makeshift bathroom and two kitchenettes with refrigerators, rewired the lighting, painted the walls, added furniture, even acquired television sets. They do calisthenics to keep in shape, and to while away the days, they paint, write letters and read (translations of Sherwood Anderson, Rousseau, Hemingway). The Paraguayan ambassador gives them money for food and clothes; Juan picks up a little extra from a flower shop investment down the street; Luis has a small appliance-repair business. In the evenings their families come by for dinner; several nights a week their wives sleep in.

How long will their asylum last? The two countries still argue over the brothers. Argentina refuses them safe conduct to Paraguay's capital of Asunción. Tiny Paraguay, eager to stand up to its big neighbor, is determined not to turn them over. The Cardosos grimly look forward to 1967, when the statute of limitations should run out. Then, after twelve years in asylum, they hope to be free, having set a record that is likely to stand a while.



In
10 minutes
there'll be
no water in
the city

It happened in Springfield, Ohio, on a bone-dry day in July, 1954. As the city simmered under a glaring summer sky, its water supply literally dried up. Fire became a major hazard and public health was threatened.

Water shortages were chronic in this industrial community. But today Springfield is a city with abundant water . . . a city on the move. This is its story.

Water Superintendent Bob Holt's feet kicked up eddies of dust along the edge of the parched riverbed. "Not enough to last the afternoon," he thought as he looked at the only source of water for Springfield's 79,000 residents.

Housewives filled kettles and bathtubs as word spread. It wasn't the first time. Springfield had struggled from one water crisis to another for many years.

There had even been times when it was necessary to boil drinking water. U. S. Public Health Service prohibited drinking water pickups for passenger trains in Springfield. Severe droughts in 1934, 1944 and 1953 almost caused catastrophes.

For 50 years no new industries settled in Springfield. The city literally could not grow . . . there simply wasn't enough water. Less than 100 acres of land with water service were available for industrial expansion. Tax revenues slipped badly. Finances of the city grew so desperate that its City Hospital had to pay cash for all supplies and medicine.

FIND THE RIGHT MAN

Springfield's turning point came in the early '50s. Seeking the man to handle the water problem, city commissioners appointed Bob Holt, Superintendent of the Water Division. Bob took the problem to the people. A tireless, dedicated official, he talked to big groups and to sewing circles. A 1952 drive led by the Clark County

Medical Society put a waterworks referendum on the ballot. It lost.

The severe drought of 1954 brought the problem to a climax. On a bone-dry day in July, the water supply was so low Supt. Holt's pumps started to whine badly. The city was 10 minutes away from a total water shutdown.

But—providentially—a sudden cloudburst prevented disaster.

The next week a new water improvement committee was formed, sponsored by numerous service organizations including the Jaycees and the Trades & Labor Assembly, backed by local businessmen. Its energetic members held meetings, rang doorbells to inform the voters.

END THE FAMINE

And in the next election Springfield voted to abandon the old waterworks and to tap the abundant supply of water in the nearby Mad River. To pay for the program voters approved a \$5,750,000 bond issue. It tripled water rates but they remained among the lowest in the state.

The city that couldn't grow has taken on a new look. Its efficient new water system can send 36,000,000 gallons of water a day to the homes and industries of Springfield. The 23-year-old condemnation order on city water has been lifted by health officials. Fire insurance rates have been reduced 10%.

Inquiries from water-dependent industries have soared. Expansion of the water system has made more than

4000 acres of industrially zoned property available. Business, including 11 new firms, has invested more than \$16 million for expansion since the waterworks opened. New home construction—2500 have been built in the last 10 years—has broadened the city's tax base by \$22 million.

Today a prominent industrial counselor says that Springfield is 10 years ahead of most comparable cities in its drive for industrial growth. During the rebirth period from 1950 to 1960, payrolls for Springfield-area citizens went up 41%. Average earnings were up 54%, savings up 83% and population up 17%—all well above Ohio averages for the same period.

ARE YOU MOVING AHEAD?

Or is your community held back by an inadequate water supply? In many areas of our nation, citizens face the dilemma of too much or too little. Floods ravage our cities, ruin our farms. Pollution and siltation complicate the problem. Yet by 1980 we'll need twice the water we're using today.

Will you be a citizen of action in your community? For more information on the nationwide water problem—and what can be done about it—write for the new booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A.," Department R, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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Machines that build for a growing America



This was Springfield's water supply the day the faucets almost dried up.



This is the city's new 66,000,000-gallons-a-day source, the nearby Mad River.



This new manufacturing plant has already completed a 50% expansion program.

PEOPLE

"Balenciaga is the only designer I admire. You say Saint-Laurent is staying small . . . good. Cardin has talent, but he makes too many shocks." It was Paris' irrepressible High Fashion *Doyenne* **Gabrielle ("Coco") Chanel**, 80, so-soing this and high-hatting that, while Women's Wear Daily took notes. But Coco saved the sharpest needle for her high-class clientele. "They're all so famous and well dressed and they never pay their bills—never. It's a form of stealing. And the princesses, some of them, they're the worst of the lot. When they write asking the price of something, I give orders to set a price a little extravagant and then we never hear from them again."

In what looked like a New Frontier version of the Queen's List, the White House announced the names of 31 winners of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, highest peacetime U.S. civilian honor, awarded to only 24 persons since 1945. Hidden away among such names as **Ralph Bunche**, **Pablo Casals**, **Felix Frankfurter**, **Ludwig Mies van der Rohe**, **George Meany** and **Thornton Wilder** were a few less well-known, though no less deserving. Among them: **Genevieve Caulfield**, 73, "a one-woman Peace Corps," blind since birth, who has founded and tirelessly run a much-needed school for the blind, first in Thailand and now in Viet Nam; **Robert J. Kipphuth**, 72, Yale's retired swimming coach whose devotion to physical fitness has made him one of its leading spokesmen; **Annie D. Wauneka**, 53, a Navajo Indian who has spent her life teaching her people hygiene and helping them to overcome tuberculosis, dysentery and glaucoma.

"My fireworks are built in," Comedian **Danny Kaye**, 50, told a questioner at a July 4 party in Moscow. His Rus-



COMIC KAYE IN MOSCOW
Off with the kids.

sian hosts were beginning to get the message. On hand for a Moscow film festival, the perennial pixy was soon romping and rolling his way into youngsters' hearts at the Moscow Children's Clinic and a ballet school. And at a Pioneer Camp, he left everyone limp with happy exhaustion: first, he took two kids by the hand and started slowly walking, while the others trailed dubiously behind. Then he was whooping and laughing and fast-stepping, next trotting, and finally he broke into a full gallop across the field with the whole camp of 600 streaming along in joyful pursuit. Mused one observer: "A regular Pied Piper."

For a year now, **Somerset Maugham**, 89, growing ever more crotchety with age, has been trying to disavow **Lady John Hope**, 47, the daughter with whom he has been feuding, and to disinherit her in favor of his longtime secretary-companion **Alan Searle**. Last week a Paris court, operating under both British and French law, declared Maugham's attempts illegal. "I am overjoyed," said Lady Hope. "Most important, I am glad for the sake of my children, whose whole future and name really rested on the outcome of this case. I never wanted this trouble."

Wasn't it a cute idea to buy a \$2.80 Irish Sweepstakes ticket in the name of Met Jing, her dog? But then Met Jing died, and **Mary Boyle**, for many years aide to Presidential Adviser and Financier **Bernard Baruch**, 92, gave the ticket to her butler. For safekeeping, she quickly said when it came up a \$140,000 winner at the Irish Derby two weeks ago. For keeps, said the butler just as firmly. Did not! Did too! And suddenly one night last week, she found herself out on Manhattan's fashionable East 64th Street in her negligee, with the butler inside and the door locked. By the time she got back in with the cops, the butler was finished packing, and as he imperiously made his way to the door, he announced that he had flushed the whole crude argument down the toilet.

Down the runway in evening dresses, then bathing suits, came 89 ft. 21 in. of vertical femininity that measured 514-358-526 horizontally. The 14 girls who made up that heap of frail were contestants in the "Miss Tall U.S.A." contest, held in conjunction with the San Francisco convention of the American Affiliation of Tall Clubs. The shortest in the lot measured 5 ft. 10 in., but no one topped Milwaukee's 6-ft.

* Since all involved are British subjects, the court ruled on the basis of British law that a child born out of wedlock to a couple who later marry is not illegitimate; since Maugham lives in France, the court then applied the French law, which holds that a legitimate child cannot be disinherited.



U.S.A. WINNER DETTMANN
Up in the air.

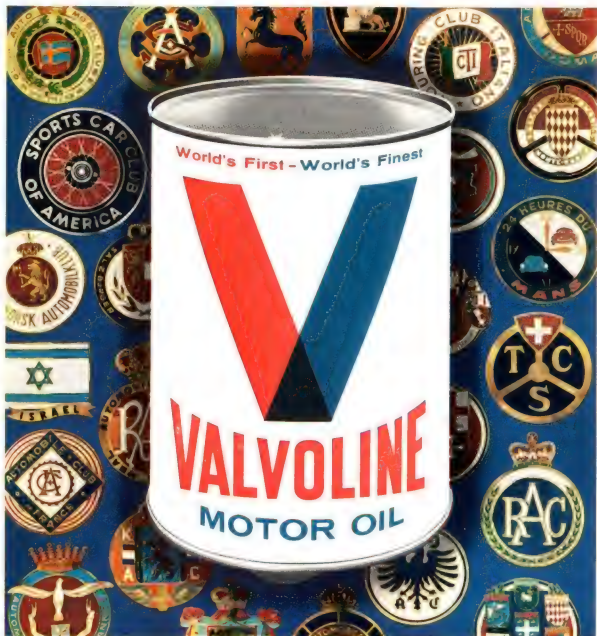
1-in. **Carol Dettmann**, 20. And the judges liked the way the rest of her (36-26-39) stacked up too.

It was the U.S. v. **Ferdinand Demara**, 41—and Robert French, college dean of philosophy; Martin Godgart, high school teacher; Brother John, Roman Catholic monk; Cecil Hamman, law student; Surgeon Lieut. Joseph Cyr of the Royal Canadian Navy; Benjamin Jones, Texas prison guard. All of them were fictional identities and professions used by Demara, "the Great Impostor." In a California court last week, the U.S. Government won a verdict of guilty on charges that in getting a teaching job in Boston he had used the mails to defraud. But the judge suspended the one-year sentence and the \$1,000 fine because of Mittygating circumstances, and the genial Ferdinand went back to his legitimate job (under his own name) as evangelist in a Los Angeles "skid row" mission.

Last year his father died, and the title of second Baron Milford fell to **Wogan Philipps**, 61. But, oh woe, Wogan was a Communist. Nevertheless, he decided to take his seat in the House of Lords, thus becoming the first Red lord in British history. Did all this mean that he had softened his proletarian ideals? Not bloody likely. In his maiden speech, he was boring from within: "The House of Lords can play only the part of a constitutional obstacle to progressive legislation. I and my party are for complete abolition of this chamber."



Lucantonio Giunta of Florence created this mark for his press in 1563. An artist as well as a master printer, he spared no effort to make it a symbol of originality, distinction, and devoted craftsmanship. A similar dedication produces today's IBM® typewriters. That is why the IBM "Executive" Typewriter can add the unique quality of fine printing to your correspondence...create impressions beyond words.



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vanced research. Valvoline with Chemaloy makes sure your engine stays clean, resists wear, delivers top power. Result? Longer engine life, savings on gas and repairs. So change now to Valvoline—symbol of quality since 1866. Ask for it at service stations, garages, new car dealers.

RELIGION

JUDAISM

I-Thou & I-It

"There comes a time in a man's life," says Philosopher Martin Buber, "when he should begin to bring the crop into the barn." In Buber's case, the harvest includes a goodly share of the honors the world pays to a man who has thought deeply and originally. Last week, at the age of 85, frail, white-bearded Philosopher Buber flew from Israel to Amsterdam to accept one of Europe's highest intellectual prizes: the \$28,000 Erasmus Award, presented to one or more persons who have contributed to the spiritual unity of Europe.

The award cited Buber for "enriching the spiritual life of Europe with his versatile gifts for more than half a century." Buber is one of the master stylists of modern German prose, and his German translation of the Old Testament is one of history's most successful efforts to re-create the oral quality and poetry of the Hebrew Bible in another language. In his novels and folk tales, he has been responsible for re-creating the legend and lore of the Hasidim—the sect of joyfully pious Jews who flourished in the ghettos of Eastern Europe during the 18th and 19th centuries. But Buber is best known for his philosophy of dialogue. It is not only one of the most important modern influences on Jewish thought, but it has also affected scores of Christian thinkers—among them, Roman Catholic Philosopher Jacques Maritain, Orthodoxy's Nikolai Berdyaev, Protestants Karl Barth and Paul Tillich. To Reinhold Niebuhr, he is "the greatest living Jewish philosopher." Dag Hammarskjöld was Buber's disciple and Swedish translator.

Zionists & Mystics. Buber was born in Vienna, but grew up, after his parents' divorce, in the home of his grandfather in Austrian Galicia. Devoutly observant as a child, Buber gave up Jewish religious practice at the age of 13, and came strongly under the influence of German idealism and phenomenology as a student of philosophy at Vienna University. Buber was an active Zionist, and for several years he worked closely with Theodor Herzl and Chaim Weizmann. But at the same time he was deeply influenced by Dostoevsky and Kierkegaard, and some of his first writings were on the German Christian mystics Jakob Boehme, Meister Eckhart and Nicholas of Cusa.

In 1904 Buber came across a testament of Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer, the 18th century's wonder-working *Baal Shem Tov* (the good master of the divine name) who founded Hasidism. Buber gave up politics and journalism to

spend five years studying Hasidic texts, then wrote the first of his ten books that retell the legends and learning of the Hasidic rabbis. During the early '30s, he and the late Rabbi Leo Baeck were the unquestioned leaders of Germany's Jewish community; Buber organized schools, edited anti-Nazi journals, and in "The Question to the Single One" wrote a classic damning indictment of modern totalitarianism. In 1938, a rescue committee at Jerusalem's Hebrew University hired him, and he taught there until his retirement in 1951. He now lives quietly in a book-cluttered

DAVID RUBINER



PHILOSOPHER BUBER
To love—or hate—humanity.

house on Lovers of Zion Street, tidying up his works for a collected edition—a mammoth task, since his bibliography runs to more than 800 items.

Subject & Object. Buber's philosophy is not an organized system of thought but an original fusion of striking insights, drawn from his encounter with other men's thought. From Kierkegaard, for example, he derived his sense of man's "uniqueness" before God—although in criticism of Kierkegaard Buber adds that man cannot meet God by turning from the world. In Hasidism he discovered not merely colorful folklore but an approach to life that was suffused with the joy of existence because it sanctified and hallowed the everyday world. His best-known insights are expressed in a brace of terms that are vying with Freud's id and superego as concepts to toss around at highbrow cocktail parties: I-Thou and I-It.

I-It describes the relation of a subject to an object—the casual conversation of a diner with a waitress, the way a man treats a chair or typewriter. Such relations are essential to the maintenance of life, but man's authentic existence comes into being only when a personal I meets a personal Thou—a direct meeting or dialogue in which two people accept each other, in love or hate, as truly human and unique. The I-Thou relation is found also in the world of faith: it expresses the kind of personal encounter the Psalmists and ancient prophets had with the Lord of Israel—the kind of encounter to which man today is summoned.

Buber believes that man's earthly task is to realize his created uniqueness through these I-Thou meetings—as a Hasidic rabbi called Zusya put it on his deathbed: "In the world to come they will not ask me, 'Why were you not Moses?' They will ask me, 'Why were you not Zusya?'" The demands of authentic existence mean that man cannot blindly follow the prescriptions of law but must accept an "ethic of responsibility," in which moral action is a response to what the situation demands at a given time. For Buber, another consequence of the I-Thou philosophy is a social ideal of a true community that rejects both individualism and collectivism; he finds a blueprint for this kind of "We-You" community in non-Marxist, utopian socialism, as exemplified in the kibbutzim of rural Israel.

Buber's philosophy of dialogue also leads to a striking interpretation of Scripture. Neither an infallible guide to man's conduct nor a collection of legends, the Bible is a dialogue between the speaking I of God and the hearing Thou of Israel. Buber's disciple Maurice Friedman calls it "the historical account of God's relation to man seen through man's eyes."

Admiration & Shock. Buber is the most widely read Jewish thinker of the century, although there are plenty of Catholics and Protestants who are more enthusiastic about his work than some of his fellow Jews are. Since he does not follow the detailed rules of the Halakah in his daily life and scorns the narrow legalism of the Talmudic law, he has been mercilessly criticized by Orthodox rabbis as a heretic. Some Reform Jews, on the other hand, feel that Buber has romanticized the Hasidic movement and overemphasized the importance of this unique sect for modern Judaism. And even among Jews who accept the principles of his "life of dialogue," some are shocked that onetime Zionist Buber has spent more than 40 years working for the improvement of Arab-Israel relations.

Buber believes that an I-Thou meeting between men is more than ever necessary in a world threatened by atomic ruin. "Politicians do not talk with one another to reach a real understanding based on their aims," says Buber, who has little expectation that world leaders

* Among previous winners: Existentialist Philosopher Karl Jaspers, Roman Catholic Theologian Romano Guardini, Painters Marc Chagall and Oscar Kokoschka.



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will listen to him. "I think the main problems existing between great powers should be talked over in a different way. They should talk to each other as do good merchants who have opposed each other but have begun to see that it's worthwhile to find out if, perchance, their common interests are more important and have more weight than their opposed interests. At this hour of history, true peace is only possible through some form of cooperation."

EVANGELISM

Commercials for God

The goofy, spoofy radio commercials of Stan Freberg have moved a lot of Chun King Chinese food and Contadina tomato paste ("Eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can?") into the stomachs of consumers, and now Stan is going to try to move some of the consumers into church. His newest client: the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Says Satirist Freberg, who earns about \$500,000 a year by gently kidding his employers' products: "They wanted me to try to sell Christianity, actually, and I said I thought we would reach more people if we narrowed it down to God."

Freberg decided that blending humor and heaven was a real challenge—"and I always rise to challenges. I don't take on any client unless he has a problem." He has just completed three 60-second radio spots, which the Presbyterians will start testing in the Midwest this summer. The commercials cost \$12,000—about \$2,000 over budget, but Freberg will take the loss. "It's my way of getting back at the Internal Revenue Service," he says.

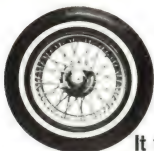
The format of Freberg's spiritual ads is "a disarming natural conversational approach leading into a song that's like a pop tune. It's what I call the 'espionage approach.'" In one commercial, a secular type says he can't make it to church because "this Sunday I'm playing golf," and as far as next Sunday goes, "I promised to take the kids to the beach." A voice asks: "Well, how about two weeks from Sunday?" "Oh, I never plan that far ahead. Two weeks! The whole world could blow up by then. Heh heh." "That's right," the voice answers, after a meaningful pause, and a chorus of 15 swings into the clinching jingle:

*Where'd you get the idea
You could make it by yourself?
Doesn't it get a little lonely, sometimes.*

*Out on that limb . . . without Him . . .
It's a great life but it could be greater.
Why try and go it alone?*

The blessings you lose may be your own.

The son of a retired Baptist minister, Baptist Freberg is dead serious about his latest advertising campaign. "I did it for God," he says. "I feel I was destined to do more than just move chow mein off a shelf."



It takes more than wire wheels to make a sports car!

Some people believe a compact car with wire wheels, bucket seats and a stick shift is a sports car. Not so. A real sports car is built from the ground up. Like the TR-4.



For the thrill of a real sports car, slide behind the wheel of a TR-4, the National Class E Sports Car Winner—in its first year of production!

Triumph's tremendous torque will take you from a standing start to 60 mph in 10 1/4 seconds. You could hit 110 mph if speed limits would allow.

Test the instant response of rack and pinion steering. Hit a curve faster, flatter, safer than you ever did before — thanks to the TR-4's low center of gravity and genuine sports car suspension.

Down shift (synchromesh) standard on all four forward gears, then hit those big disc brakes. You'll never have more control over a stop in your life.

You'll discover that great feeling that comes when you know you're master of a superb machine.

Check the price. \$2845* for the best engineering Britain has to offer (and the most popular brand of real sports car engineering in the world). Try any of those "sporty" compacts... then drive a **TRIUMPH TR-4**.

*Excludes tax, license, title, dealer prep, and optional equipment. Dealer price. Triumph Motor Company, Ltd., Birmingham, England. U.S. and Canadian distributors listed in Yellow Pages. Write for literature.

SCIENCE

DEFENSE

Sign-Off for Conelrad

Back in 1951, when the U.S. began to worry about Russian-atom armed bombers, somebody had a notion that the invaders might steer by the crisscrossing waves of U.S. commercial broadcasting stations. Probably Russian navigators were never so helpless as that, but an official system, Conelrad (for Control of Electromagnetic Radiation), was set up to foil them. Under Conelrad regulations, all regular broadcasting would go silent during an attack, while stations going on and off the air on two special frequencies, 640 and 1240 kc., would stand ready to give instructions and comfort to the quaking population.

Conelrad continued for nearly twelve years, at considerable cost in money to the Government and nuisance to the broadcasters while improved navigation methods made steering by broadcasts sound like something out of the Stone Age. Then Russian bombers themselves became a minor menace compared with ballistic missiles, which can strike a few minutes after the first warning and are steered by inertial guidance systems that need no information from U.S. broadcasters or any other external source.

Last year the Department of Defense at last decided that Conelrad had long outlived its fractional usefulness. But it seemed to have a charmed life, and not until last week was it formally declared obsolete. On Aug. 5 it will be replaced by a new Emergency Broadcast System, which, during an attack, will use all AM stations that are still in working condition to send a single program of orders and solace to those citizens who are still alive.

CONSERVATION

A Kingdom for the Oryx

Four soft-eyed, cream-colored antelopes with enormous knobby horns frisked in the Phoenix Maytag Zoo last week under constant, anxious watch by their keeper. They are Arabian oryxes, some of the world's rarest animals, and if they thrive in the desert climate of Arizona, they may live to be the only oryxes left on earth.

Oryxes are in trouble in Araby because of the local conviction that the horns of an oryx give sexual vigor when ground into powder and eaten. Today oil-rich Arabs are so eager for vigor that they chase down oryxes in high-powered cars or even in airplanes, and slaughter them with machine guns. As a result, hardly an oryx is left alive in its native desert.

Last year, to foil the vigor seekers, the Fauna Preservation Society of London launched Operation Oryx. Led by Major Ian R. Grimwood, chief game



EDITH

Less vigor for Arabs.

warden of Kenya Colony, an expedition of oryx savers spent two months in the deserts of Aden Protectorate in southern Arabia. They sighted four oryxes, lassoed three of them from a specially built car and brought them safely back alive.

After a long investigation, Major Grimwood decided that the best place for a "world herd" of Arab-proof oryxes was not in Kenya, but in Phoenix, where the dry, hot climate resembles that of Arabia, and where there is the spacious and hospitable Maytag Zoo. The Arizona Air National Guard, happy to boost the home state, flew a C-97 cargo plane to pick up the oryxes, which had been shipped to New Jersey. The four consisted of two males and two females. Edith from Aden, and Caroline, contributed by the London Zoo. Another female, still unnamed, will arrive at the

end of summer, a gift of Sheik Abdulla Al-Jabir As-Sahab of Kuwait.

Never were visitors treated with more tender care. While they get used to their new surroundings, the oryxes are kept in semi-isolation and watched constantly by zoo officials. All food and water equipment is sterilized, and the few visitors admitted to the enclosures are made to dunk their shoes in an antiseptic solution to keep out infection. To protect the oryxes from unfamiliar thorns, all cacti except giant saguaros have been removed, and the thorns of the saguaros have been clipped to a height above the reach of an oryx. Every day the zoo fills out a sheet for each animal, listing weather, temperature, food and water consumed, bowel movements, breeding (none so far). The little world herd seems to be doing fine, although Caroline, the female from London, suffered at first from the Arizona heat. Edith may be pregnant, but it did not happen in Phoenix. Until the oryxes are fully acclimated, the males and females are being kept strictly apart.

ZOOLOGY

The Lights That Save

Marine biologists have wondered for years why fish and other creatures that live at middling ocean depths carry rows of little searchlights on their bellies. The searchlights (photophores) are cup-shaped organs that are lined with highly reflective tissue and contain luminous cells whose light is concentrated into a downward-pointing beam. Biologists reason that since photophores evolved independently in fish (vertebrates), shrimps (crustaceans), and squids (mollusks), they must have important survival value. But what was it? The bright beams of the photophores shining downward would seem to be a disadvantage, serving only to draw the attention of predators.

In Britain's *Nature*, William D. Clarke of General Motors Defense Research Laboratories, Santa Barbara, explains a likely purpose of the photophores. The creatures that carry the belly searchlights, he says, live at ocean depths (less than 3,000 ft.) where sunlight barely penetrates. These waters are the hunting ground of fish with eyes that point permanently upward. What they normally see is the last faint trace of sunlight, which looks like a dim blue ceiling. When they see a dark and edible-looking object silhouetted vaguely against the ceiling above, they dart up and grab it.

Dr. Clarke believes that photophores actually protect their bearers by confusing the enemy. The fish cruising below are rather nearsighted, so they do not see the little searchlights as points of brightness. Instead, the lights blend together as in a badly focused photograph, making the silhouette look dim and fuzzy against the lighted ceiling. So the hungry fish with the upturned eyes look elsewhere for dinner.





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Our folding cartons speak for themselves. The sturdiness of the carton structure and beauty of the surface design is obvious. One unique feature isn't, however. We call it **Service-In-Depth**. For example: **Manufacturing Capacity**—Five plants located across the nation. **Research Facilities**—Continental's General Packaging Research and Development Lab works to perfect folding-carton materials and construction techniques. It is backed up by our entire Technical Research Center, largest in the industry, where 800 scientists and technicians work to develop

new packaging ideas. **Design Service**—Surface design departments are in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, while structural-design departments are located in each manufacturing plant. **Products**—Folding cartons, multi-paks, egg cartons, boxes of all types, plus cartoning machinery. **Sales Offices**—Twenty-one sales offices across the nation give you prompt, efficient service. This is our exclusive **Service-In-Depth**. Contact the nearest Folding Carton Division sales office or Continental Can Company, New York 17, New York.



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This car has 1 spark plug. No pistons. No valves.

It is one of the Chrysler Corporation Turbine Cars being assigned to a selected group of typical American motorists. Their reaction and continuing research will help to determine the future of automotive gas turbines.

Just a few years ago, it was questioned whether this stage in turbine car development could ever be reached. Some envisioned a turbine car as half car—half fuel tank, with a prohibitively expensive engine made of exotic materials. The car would be sluggish, bulky, painfully

noisy. Its exhaust would melt asphalt.

But Chrysler Corporation proved this wrong.

Chrysler metallurgists developed inexpensive alloys—made of readily available, non-strategic materials—to handle the engine's "hot temper". And Chrysler engineers designed a car that performs as well or better than a conventional car with comparable horsepower—and gets as good mileage on its fuel. It runs equally well on diesel fuel, kerosene, unleaded gasoline, JP-4, or any mixture of



And it runs on a variety of fuels.

them. It starts instantly, even at sub-zero. No warm-up. Virtually no friction, no vibration. Only a fifth the major parts of a piston engine. A cooler, cleaner exhaust. And an engine sound, pleasant and exciting.

Making a turbine car practical is yet another of the many challenges Chrysler Corporation is meeting, in its diversified activities as the 12th largest industrial company in America, confident in its strength and enthusiastic about its future.

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**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**



A cool Daiquiri Collins in the garden of the Intercontinental Hotel, Ponce, Puerto Rico. John Stewart photograph.

How to make the new Daiquiri Collins at home with dry, light Puerto Rican rum

—a tip from the Daiquiri experts at the Ponce Intercontinental Hotel in Puerto Rico.

TASTES like a Daiquiri. Cools like a Collins. It's the new Daiquiri Collins—a long, tall summer drink that's easy to make at home.

The secret of its light, bright, bracing taste is *Puerto Rican* rum.

"No other rum is dry enough," say the experts. "Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for extra dryness, then aged in oak. It's the law in Puerto Rico."

More good news. You can make a per-

fect Daiquiri Collins in less than 30 seconds. Tonight. The reason: new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix. It saves you the time of slicing and squeezing limes—makes a perfect Daiquiri Collins every time.

30-second recipe: Fill a tall glass with ice cubes. Add 1 oz. of Daiquiri Mix—2 ozs. of white Puerto Rican rum, and a little water or club soda. Stir. **NOTE:** If Daiquiri Mix isn't available, use 1 oz. of fresh lime juice plus tsp. sugar.



NEW: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix—for foolproof Daiquiris in 30 seconds. At hand at liquor stores, Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., 300 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

FREE: 20-page color booklet with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 660 Fifth Ave., N.A. 19.



SHOW BUSINESS

THEATER ABROAD

Tropic of Corn

Harry has deserted his girl Jeanie after arranging an abortion for her; he has become the pimp-lover of a whore; and now he is choking and robbing a blind beggar. "God will punish you!" cries the beggar. "God, huh?" says Harry. "Ask God to give you a new pair of eyes."

Harry is the hero of Henry Miller's first and only play, *Just Wild About Harry*, written in three days in 1960 and given its world premiere last week in Spoleto at Gian Carlo Menotti's Festival of Two Worlds. The play is standard, consistent Miller all the way; that is to say, it is a show of dirty dirt.

Harry's new girl friend tells him that she may be falling in love with a young poet, pale and philosophic. "Plato, Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, St. Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, David Hume, Paracelsus, Bishop Berkeley, Immanuel Kant, Herbert Spencer, Descartes and Pico della Mirandola," says Harry, proving himself the young man's intellectual peer. This Harry is a versatile man with words as well as ideas. When a street singer ambles past him, he tells the street singer in Anglo-Saxon syllables to go copulate with a duck.

In rare moments, Miller is funny. When Harry's ex-girl seeks him out in the prostitute's apartment, Harry snarls at her: "Are ya tryin' to break up a home?" But mainly the dialogue is dull and dead. In the end, Harry is dead too, and gone to limbo, where he tries hopelessly to ignite the stage with a flaming speech: "I don't belong. I don't want to belong. I don't want to kill anybody to save the world. It's not my problem. I got bigger problems. I got personal problems."

Someone has.

MOVIE PRODUCERS

The Brain In Spain

In his own inner eye, Producer Samuel Bronston sees himself as a kind of extraspectacular Cecil B. De Mille. He is earnestly trying to promote that notion, splash by splash. And he seems to be succeeding.

In order to understand this basic drive, it is not necessary to go back to his youth as a Russian émigré flute player educated at the Sorbonne, or to indicate that he is a stocky fellow with Napoleonic tendencies. It is only necessary to say that he is an opportunist, with an eye that sharpened slowly. He was nearly 50 when he saw his chance to be a new De Mille. He had drifted around as a salesman for M-G-M in France, a producer for Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, a photographer of art treasures in Rome, and a lecturer in

South America. Then in 1957, traveling through Spain, he learned that many U.S. corporations have money frozen in Spanish banks—and that the Spanish government permits these blocked funds to be reinvested in Spain.

Jesus & Janizaries. A bulb lighted up in his epic brain. Movies filmed in Spain could earn fluid money for their backers elsewhere in the world. Appealing to several American corporations that had plenty of cold pesetas, he said he wanted to film the story of John Paul Jones. When they agreed, he hired Bette Davis, Robert Stack and Thomas Mitchell, and spent \$4,000,000 overall. *John Paul Jones*, released in 1959, was not a great success, but it did make enough money



SAMUEL BRONSTON IN HIS ROMAN EMPIRE

On the rainless plain, an eye that sharpened slowly.

to persuade Bronston's sponsors to give him another try.

This time Bronston wanted to film the life of Jesus. He borrowed his new title—*King of Kings*—from De Mille, who had made his own *King of Kings* in 1927. To play Christ, he borrowed Actor Jeffrey Hunter (*The Great Locomotive Chase*) from the ranks of the unemployed. The picture won mixed notices but was a box-office success. It set Bronston up for the big grab. When he began picture No. 3, he had \$10 million in capital support.

There had been rumblings from the Pardo that Bronston's heroes were not Spanish. So, to smooth his position in Iberia and to dazzle the world at large, he poured the \$10 million and every additional cent he could muster into a biography of Spain's national hero, El Cid Campeador. He hired Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren. He acquired thousands of extras from the Spanish army. He erected cities, opened rivers, and reproduced 11th century Spain. Money meant nothing. By now, he had Pierre du Pont and a titanic Manhat-

tan bank standing behind him like attentive janizaries.

Rome Refallen. He has followed *El Cid* with 55 *Days at Peking* (TIME, Sept. 14). An \$800,000 Peking rose out of the rainless plains northwest of Madrid only to be razed by fire at the picture's climax, with Ava Gardner and Charlton Heston caught in the fumes. Now he is filming *The Fall of the Roman Empire* (Sophia Loren, James Mason, Alec Guinness), and next he will re-create *The Circus, Paris 1900* and *The French Revolution*.

The Spaniards have been grumbling again. Only Chinese Spaniards could find work in Peking. Bronston appealed the nation with touching short subjects. While filming Peking, he made a moving documentary about Franco's war memorial at the Valley of the Fallen. Last

month he brought out a second documentary bone—this one about a Mallorcan friar who founded numerous California missions. Chief Justice Earl Warren generously contributed his presence to the Mallorcan premiere. Then Bronston followed that up with an announcement that he will soon be filming the life of Cervantes, with a script by the Spanish Ambassador to Paraguay. Bronston's status is so high in Madrid at the moment that he could probably make a picture there called *Remember the Maine*.

Cordell & Old Halls. Surveying his vast sets for *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, vaster eight times over than the sets of *Cleopatra*, he suddenly becomes Cordell Bronston. "This moving picture," he says, "which covers less than two decades of history 18 centuries old, will be particularly significant and meaningful today when our greatest leaders seek to revive the Pax Romana in a disorderly world."

"Bronston's simplicity and naiveté are amazing," says Actor James Mason, "and he comes through it all with great

success. He's like a little boy who never doubts his daydreams will come true." He has the Midas touch. For John Paul Jones, he bought two proud vessels in Genoa that promptly ran aground on the Spanish coast, unseaworthy and unsalvageable. He had been taken by the crafty Genoese. But he has since rented the relics to other film companies in search of fresh shipwrecks (Billy Budd, Damn the Defiant), not only recovering his entire investment but also making a fat profit. Even his blunders pay 12½%.

NEW FACES

Packaged Tomato

There is a tomato famine in the land. So much time has passed since Hollywood last turned up a really luscious girl that even casting directors are reading *Playboy*. For the last several years, Hol-

them, and lightened it beyond all taint of nature.

Kitten & Linguist. But Hollywood could never make her into one of its once numerous mannikins, because she has too much of a head start. She is a bright, fast-moving girl with a mind of her own. Being a star does not impress her. "I want to be a good actress," she says. "The word star is flexible." Beyond German, she speaks Spanish, Italian, French and English, and is an established star in the French, German and Italian cinema. In the parts that have built her fame, she has almost invariably been a sex kitten ever ready to sleep with a passing cat. Hollywood hired her to star opposite Paul Newman in a picture at M-G-M called *The Price*. Newman has won the Nobel Prize in literature, and she plays a Swedish girl who guides him around Stockholm.

In real life, Elke (pronounced el-key) is the daughter of a Lutheran minister who died when she was 14, and her real surname is Schletz. Her schoolgirl nickname was Schluffi, which means "Smiling Around." Raised near the university town of Erlangen, she had a classical education but changed her field to modern languages when she decided to become an interpreter rather than a teacher. To learn English, she went to London for seven months and worked as a domestic for \$7 a week.

Traveling in Italy four years ago with her mother, she went to a dance in Viareggio. Someone gave her a numbered ticket at the door. A bit later the number was called out and, implausibly, she was named "Miss Viareggio of 1959." Unsurprisingly, a movie producer who was there offered her a job; incredibly, he really was a movie producer, and within a year she was being directed by Vittorio De Sica.

Bed & Breakfast. She is 22 now and her contract at M-G-M runs until 1966. She has a \$150,000 house in Erlangen, a modest villa in the south of Spain, a tax-haven flat in Switzerland, and a \$900-a-month rented house in Beverly Hills. "Until my mommy came, for one whole month I lived alone in this house and I had a mouse here," she says. "I fed it every night. At least I had something moving around."

She moves around pretty fast herself. Within 24 hours of her arrival in Los Angeles, she had a driver's license. At home she likes to gun her Lancia up the *Autobahn* at 125 m.p.h. In her first month as an American driver, she was arrested twice. "What business have policemen being out there at 5:30 in the morning?" she asks. "They should be home in bed."

She paints, reads much, composes, has recorded her own songs, and knows that her bread is buttered with controlled eccentricity. For breakfast, for instance, she puts raisins, Rice Krispies, maple syrup, malt, and chocolate topping into a saucepan, heats it and eats it. "The press created me," she says. "I wouldn't dare to be normal."



ELKE SOMMER

The kitten is no mannikin.

lywood has had to import its glamour, and its latest is a westbound CARE Package from Germany named Elke Sommer.

Happily, Elke is no peaches and cream puff to take home to mom: sex is prominent in her essential demeanor. She is 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weighs 127 lbs. Her bust is one yard around. Her figure is terrific and her eyes flash green beneath a fluff of platinum hair. Hollywood's image sculptors took one look at her, sucked in their breath, and began to perfect her perfections. They told her to lose ten pounds, which she did. They fed her to the M-G-M dentist, who inspected her even and shining teeth and found two infinitesimal spaces, which he capped. Seven different ways they set her hair, decided on one of

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KODAK Automatic 8 Projector: Imagine a projector that not only threads itself and controls the room lights, but actually *rewinds the film for you automatically*, and turns itself off after the show! Never before has there been an 8mm projector so versatile, so easy to use. Less than \$110.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N.Y.



*Picture shown is
KODAK Automatic 8 Projector.*

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SPORT

TENNIS

One for the Yanks

It had been eight years since a Yank vaulted the net at Wimbledon, and Texas' Chuck McKinley, 22, could be pardoned if his form looked a little rusty. But he cleared it with inches to spare. Then, with a wild whoop of joy, he hippety-hopped up to the royal box, where Princess Marina, the Duchess of Kent, handed him the silver trophy that goes to the winner of the All-England tennis championships—the world's most important tennis tournament.

Impudent Elf. The week was a fine one all round for the U.S., whose amateur tennis fortunes have sunk abysmally low in recent years. Unseeded Billie Jean Moffit, 19, an impudent elf from California, trounced Australia's No. 2-seeded Lesley Turner, Brazil's No. 7-seeded Maria Bueno, and Britain's No. 3-seeded Ann Haydon Jones, and found herself playing Australia's top-seeded Margaret Smith in the women's finals. Not bad for a girl who could hardly see her own racket without her glasses on. No matter what happened next, little Miss Moffit was the darling of Wimbledon last week.

But Chuck McKinley was its brightest star. Compact (5 ft. 8 in., 160 lbs.) and muscular, McKinley plays tennis with an astounding lack of grace. He leaps, he lunges, he scrambles, he slides, he falls, he dives, he skins his elbows and knees, and he flails at the ball as if he were clubbing a rat. His nerves are as taut as the strings of his racket. "Oh, Charley, you missed that one," he hollers after a bad shot, and he drew a

four-month suspension from the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association when he angrily heaved his racket into the stands during a 1960 Davis Cup match in Australia. In 1961 McKinley fought his way into the Wimbledon finals, only to lose to Australia's Rod Laver.

Tired Watching. This year, seeded No. 4, McKinley did not even lose a set. He got unexpected help from Germany's Wilhelm Bungert, who upset Australia's No. 1-seeded Roy Emerson in a marathon quarter-final. McKinley routed Bungert, 6-2, 6-4, 8-6. Said the German: "I was tired. Tired from those five-set matches earlier. And tired from watching McKinley run." In the finals, Chuck came up against lanky Fred Stolle, a Sydney bank clerk who had beaten him four out of six times in previous matches. Trying to blow McKinley off the court with his powerful cannonball serve, the Aussie got the shock of his life. "He knocked it down my throat," groaned Stolle. "In the end, I didn't know where to serve or what he was going to do."

The end came quickly. It took McKinley only 1 hr. 17 min. to win 9-7, 6-1, 6-4. He then postponed his decision on a \$50,000 pro offer until he completes his studies at San Antonio's Trinity University next January.

TRACK & FIELD

Something Went Wrong

Pole Vaulter Brian Sternberg, 20, always refused to take himself seriously. A sophomore at the University of Washington, Sternberg was genuinely surprised when he was invited to compete at the Penn Relays last April. "They paid \$325 for my airplane ticket," he said, "and I don't know how I could be worth that much to anybody." Then he vaulted to a new world record of 16 ft. 5 in. "That record won't last 24 hours," he said, and even when he raised the rec-



STERNBERG ON TRAMPOLINE

A high price.

ord to 16 ft. 8 in. last month in Compton, Calif., he still insisted that there must be better vaulters around. "If I can go 16 ft. 8 in. doing everything wrong," he said, "there's bound to be somebody else who can go 17 ft. 6 in. It's all in the fiber-glass pole."

Like most top vaulters of the fiber-glass pole era, Sternberg was as much a gymnast as a trackman. He worked out regularly on a trampoline to improve his balance and body control, was rated one of the ten best trampoline men in the country. One day last week, he was tuning up for the U.S.-Russian track meet in Moscow late this month by performing a complicated trampoline maneuver called a "flifis": a double backward somersault with a twist. Something went wrong. He seemed to lose control in mid-air, fell 14 ft. head-first and sprawled motionless on the trampoline. Paralyzed from the neck down, he was rushed to a hospital, where doctors found a dislocated cervical vertebra—in layman's language, a broken neck. At week's end his condition was still listed as "critical," and the probability of permanent paralysis was "very high." Sternberg seemed resigned to the end of his vaulting days. "You change your values fast," he said. "I just hope I can take it."

AUTO RACING

Jimmy's Year

To look at his open Scots face and listen to his Lowlands burr, it is hard to believe that Jimmy Clark, 27, leads a double life. For part of the year, he is a hard-working Berwickshire farmer who tends to his sheep and Aberdeen Angus. But for the rest, on Europe's Grand Prix circuit, Clark races fast cars. "The new Stirling Moss," his opponents call him, and the recently retired master concurs. Says Moss: "Jim-



WIMBLEDON WINNER MCKINLEY



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SCOTLAND'S CLARK IN WINNING LOTUS
Mama has learned to relax.

my is the last man I'd want to see in my rearview mirror."

A Bit Obvious. That is a view few seem likely to get. The starter's flag had barely fluttered at last week's 273-mile Grand Prix of France before Clark's green-and-yellow Lotus shot into the lead. Roaring down Reims's long straightaway at 180 m.p.h., Clark set a new lap record of 1:11.147 m.p.h., and coasted across the finish line more than 1 min. ahead. The victory, Clark's third in 22 days, ran his season's point total to 27,* and gave him a virtual hammerlock on the 1963 Grand Prix championship. "It's a bit obvious, isn't it," said a rival driver. "Clark's a lot faster than anybody else."

His parents have known it all along. Jimmy's mother used to be a terrible backseat driver until, in a fit of filial exasperation, he took her around a corner flat-out just to show that everything was under control. She has since learned to relax and wave happily at friends as he tools along at 90 m.p.h. or so—though she still refuses to watch him compete. In 1958, Jimmy won 20 races and the Scottish Speed championship. Two years later, he signed a pro contract with Colin Chapman's Lotus factory team.

A Bit Odd. It took Designer Chapman until last year to work the bugs out of his Grand Prix Lotus, with its rear-mounted Coventry Climax engine. But then Clark won the Belgian, British and U.S. Grand Prix, barely lost the world championship to Graham Hill when his Lotus sprang an oil leak in the season's final race. Bad luck still plagued Jimmy at the start of the 1963 season: his gearbox suddenly seized while he was leading the Grand Prix of Monaco. Then, on Memorial Day, Clark tried his hand at Indianapolis in a specially built Lotus-Ford, came in

second in a controversial race many people think he should have won. He has not lost since. In the rain-drenched Belgian Grand Prix, he led from start to finish while holding his loose gear lever in place with one hand, steering with the other, and trailing a 20-ft.-long rooster tail of spray. The following week he scored another victory at Zandvoort in the Dutch Grand Prix.

Among the hard-living racing types, Clark is something of an oddball. He never smokes, rarely drinks, owns "two or three, I think," suits of clothes. He refuses to hire a business manager ("I don't want to be bandied around like some blooming new soap powder"), and once turned down a publisher's offer with a curt: "I just don't want to write a book." He regards racing as something akin to painting or music—an art, in which perfection is probably impossible but still worth trying for. Sometimes he worries about whether he likes the sport too much for his own good. "I almost wish I could stop enjoying it," he says, "so I could give it up."

GOLF

Arnie's Earnings

Less than two months ago, his game in tatters, golf's No. 1 money winner, Arnold Palmer, quit the pro tour to think things over at home. "Every time I turned around," he complained, "somebody was writing my obituary." But last month, rested and relaxed, Arnie beat Paul Harney in a play-off at New York's \$100,000 Thunderbird Classic. He then tied for first in the U.S. Open, losing the play-off to Julius Boros. And last week Palmer found himself in a third straight tie—this time with Tony Lema and Tommy Aaron in the \$110,000 Cleveland Open.

Before the 18-hole play-off, Palmer blithely climbed into his own brown-and-white Aero Commander and flew home to Latrobe, Pa., "to get a change of socks." Back next day, he birdied three of the first six holes, shot a four-under-par 67, and won easily. For his work, Arnie collected \$23,400—\$22,000 for winning the tournament, \$550 for finishing fourth in a preliminary pro-amateur, plus an \$850 cut of the play-off gate receipts. All told, in three short weeks Arnold Palmer had earned a cool \$54,000 in official purses and had already broken his record (\$81,448 in 1962) for money winnings in a single season. Pro golf's top ten, with six months still to go on the tour:

	Tournaments		Dollars	
	Won		Won	
1. Arnold Palmer	5		\$85,545	
2. Julius Boros	3		63,996	
3. Jack Nicklaus	3		62,140	
4. Tony Lema	1		60,963	
5. Gary Player	1		46,665	
6. Dow Finsterwald	1		38,438	
7. Gene Littler	0		25,439	
8. Tommy Aaron	0		22,734	
9. Don January	1		21,089	
10. Paul Harney	0		21,018	

* Drivers are allowed to count only their six best races, get nine points for first, six for second, four for third, and so on down to one for sixth.

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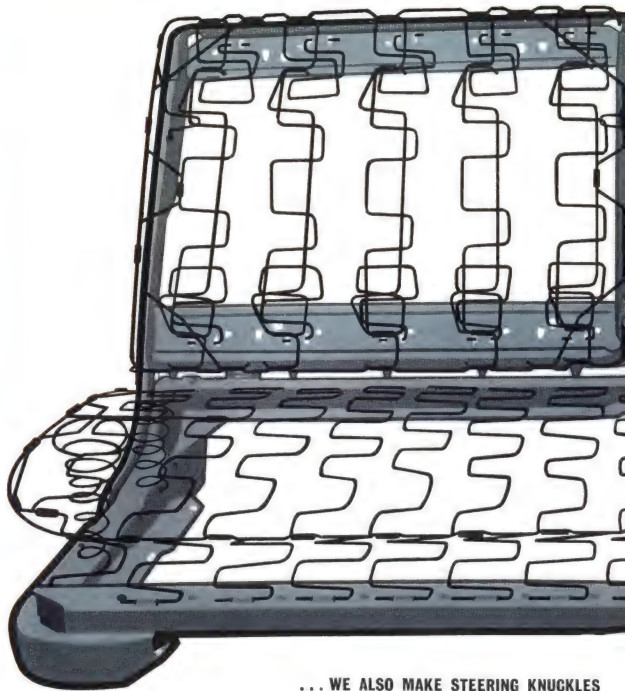
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ART



"ADIRONDACK LAKE"

Before the stress on force and drama, a spell of innocence and charm.

The Inland Winslow Homer

The best-known paintings of Winslow Homer are those of the blistering Caribbean sun, of angry seas, and of the ruggedness of Maine, where he lived out the last years of his life as a virtual recluse. But in the 1870s, when he was still working and living in Manhattan, his chief inspiration came from summer visits to the countryside—upstate New York, for instance, to the tiny town of Mountainville, 60 miles up the Hudson from the city, where one of the mountains has the fierce-sounding name of Storm King. Last week a nostalgic show of the Mountainville paintings, and others that Homer made in the Adirondacks, was on view at the Storm King Art Center.

The rolling landscape west of the river is as peaceful and hospitable as it was when Homer painted it some 90 years ago. The three-year-old gallery, converted from a large mansion with princely gardens and a commanding view, has only the glimmerings of a collection of its own; but if it can put on more shows like this one, it should become a favorite attraction. This show was organized by Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whitney Museum of American Art and the leading authority on Homer. The paintings are mostly in watercolor, a medium of which Homer was a master, although he did not take to it until the advanced age of 37.

"I prefer every time," Homer once said, "a picture composed and painted outdoors. This making studies and then taking them home to use them is only half right. You get composition, but you lose freshness." Homer must have spent just about every daylight hour outdoors, for in one Mountainville summer alone,

he turned out 50 watercolors, plus drawings and oils. He painted everything from sheep grazing in a distant field to grizzled guides, husky young trappers, beguiling children and young shepherdesses. Sometimes—no one knows quite why—he dressed his plowmen and shepherdesses in costumes of the 18th century. But for the most part, Homer was faithful to what he saw—a boy and girl climbing over an old stile, a young girl seeking a scrap of shade, a lone woodsman affectionately stroking the bark of a tree, or a guide looking over an empty lake.

Three years after the Mountainville summer, Homer spent a summer in an English fishing village on the North Sea. There, for the first time, he began to see nature in all its aggressiveness. In time, his seas erupted, his mountains became craggy, his people—fishermen, hunters, sailors—creatures in lonely combat with an often cruel environment. The early sweetness gave way to force and drama. But those earlier paintings by contrast cast a moving spell of innocence and charm—an appealing chapter in the life of an artist whom Goodrich calls "the greatest pictorial poet of outdoor America in his time."

Enduring to Dazzle

The artist who 600 years ago made the altarpiece shown on the opposite page used durable materials, gilded silver, and enamel, as though he hoped that it would last to bedazzle thousands in, perhaps, the 20th century. It did; at its new permanent home in The Cloisters, the branch of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art that houses medieval treasures, it conveys a sense of perfect and untarnished work from a hand long since turned to dust. But it

came through only by luck: a large proportion of contemporaneous objects of art made of precious metal was later melted down to provide some prince or tyrant with funds for a now-forgotten war.

The Queen's Fingers. Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who probably owned the altarpiece, headed a gay and lively court in Visegrad. When, one day in 1329, a berserk courtier tried to assassinate her husband and children, the Queen helped fight off the assassin. In the defense she lost four fingers of her right hand—"that hand," as a monk-chronicler put it, "which she extended so many times to the poor and miserable." Beautiful, bountiful and (thanks largely to gold mines that she owned) enormously rich, the Queen became more devout than she had ever been before. She founded in what is now Budapest the first Hungarian convent of the Poor Clares of the Order of St. Francis, and for the rest of her life, she showered it with gifts. Among these was a "small altarpiece for domestic use of silver gilt." Was this the same work now at The Cloisters? Hungarian scholars have always thought so. Cloisters Curator Margaret Freeman, who presumably knows (but will not tell) where the museum got it, feels ready to agree.

The altarpiece, she says in an article in the Metropolitan's *Bulletin*, was most likely made in Paris, where 273 goldsmiths are known, by name, to have lived at the time. If the 36 tablets look like illustrations from an illuminated manuscript, it is because the goldsmiths tended to emulate the art of Jean Pucelle, the greatest of Paris' painters of miniatures. The enamel work, as Cellini described it a century later, was a painstaking process. First, he said, "you can grave on your plate anything that your heart delights in." The colored glass that is to form the enamel must be "well ground in a little round mortar with very clean water." The powdered glass is applied "as if you were painting in miniature." It should then be fused to the metal by firing it until the glass "begins to move" but not to "run." Other coats are applied and fired in the same way.

Homage to the Virgin. It was typical of the century that all this love and skill should be lavished on a tiny private altar devoted to the Virgin Mary, for she was revered throughout the Middle Ages as both "the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of All." The act of suckling her infant had symbolic importance, for she could plead with the son she had suckled as no one else on behalf of sinners she thought worthy of heaven.

In The Cloisters' little altarpiece, the Virgin is about to offer her breast—one of the tenderest of human acts transformed into a theme of eternal forgiveness. She seems to be saying the words that are inscribed on a nearby painting of the same scene at The Cloisters: "Dearest Son, because of the milk I gave you, have mercy on them."

PRINCELY SHRINE IN MINIATURE

ALTARPIECE of gilded silver and translucent enamel, only ten inches high, is one of four such 14th century treasures known to exist. A prize acquisition of Metropolitan Museum's Cloisters in upper Manhattan, it probably once belonged to Queen Elizabeth of Hungary.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGG KENNEDY

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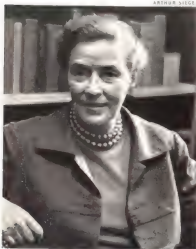
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THE PRESS

PUBLISHERS

Dynasty's End?

Chicago Tribune Founder Joseph Medill's injunction to his family was: "Well, print the news, I can't tell you anything else. Just print the news." The dynasty that followed never forgot this advice, but each of its flamboyant members had something additional to contribute: a stamp of personality that enlivened four generations of American journalism. In Chicago it was the incomparable Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, in Washington the acid Eleanor ("Cissy") Patterson, in New



ALICIA PATTERSON
Run it? She drove it!

York the swashbuckling Captain Joseph Medill Patterson. More recently, a raven-haired bundle of energy named Alicia Patterson Guggenheim bore the family banner with her Long Island tabloid, *Newsday*. Last week at the age of 56, Alicia Patterson died, and for the first time in 143 years no member of the dynasty ran a newspaper in the U.S.

"Keep Alicia Moving." She was Captain Joe's daughter, the child he raised like a son. From the age of four, when he sent her to Berlin to learn German, Alicia was a product of his restless ways. Full of her father's high spirits, she was troublesome enough to be bounced out of two of the world's fanciest finishing schools before managing to get through Foxcroft. She roamed Europe with her mother and sister, but her mother finally despaired of trying to keep her in tow. When Mother cabled Joe asking him to talk to his daughter, she received the reply: "Keep Alicia moving."

Alicia really preferred her father's flamboyant company, learned to fly airplanes with him, stood fascinated at his side as he built the country's biggest paper, *New York City's* blunt and breezy *Daily News*. She even put in stints at reporting for Daddy's paper. But Cap-

tain Joe winced at her work, and after involving the paper in a libel suit, she finally quit. Turning to other adventure, she hunted in Asia, fly-fished in Norway, piloted her own plane around Europe. Twice divorced from husbands of her father's choice, Alicia married Coper Fortune Heir Harry Guggenheim over Captain Joe's strenuous objections. As *Newsday* put it in Alicia's obit last week, relations between father and son-in-law were "correct but never cordial." Father and daughter grew distant.*

Sin in the Choir Loft. Alicia decided she wanted her own newspaper. Her husband agreed ("Everybody ought to have a job"), wisely judging that this would be an outlet for her enormous energies, and put up \$70,000 to get the paper started. Her idea was to publish a suburban daily for Long Island, where she and Guggenheim lived in a 30-room Norman mansion in fashionable Sands Point. What she had in mind was something "readable, entertaining, comprehensive, informative, interpretive, lively, but still sufficiently serious-minded so that no Long Islander will feel compelled to read any New York newspaper." When the first issue of *Newsday* came off the press in an old garage in Hempstead in 1940, Alicia was disappointed: "I'm afraid it looks like hell."

It was soon looking better as Alicia poured her energies into the paper, bringing it to life with a healthy mixture of news, irreverence and breeziness. *Newsday's* format was novel for a tabloid, with large type, three-column width on its pages, and a center Feature section stuffed in upside down for handy removal. Her interest covered every field—from politics to sin in the choir loft. When a frustrated editor asked her what she wanted in the paper, she shouted back the Patterson formula: "Dogs! Cats! Murders!" Guggenheim kept an eye on the business side, but had some editorial ideas too. They did not always agree with Alicia's. First year on the streets, the paper was in print with an open editorial split between the proprietors on presidential nominees. When Editor Alicia plugged for Franklin Roosevelt, her husband, a lifelong Republican, demanded and got space to air his own pro-Willkie views. Again in 1960, they went into print on facing pages to plug their different candidates—this time she was for Adlai Stevenson, he for Richard Nixon.

"Does that little lady in the tweed suit really run that big, noisy Long Island newspaper?" an incredulous New York banker once asked one of her editors. "Run it?" he replied. "Hell, she drives it!" In 1954, for crusading against labor racketeering, *Newsday*

Just before he died in 1946, an embittered Joe Patterson all but wrote her out of his will, leaving her only a 3% interest in the dynasty's publishing empire.



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won its first Pulitzer Prize, and by this year it had grown into the twelfth largest evening daily in the U.S., with a circulation of 370,000. It grew fat on advertising, now carries more lineage than any New York daily, and is second in the U.S. only to the Los Angeles Times. Said one former editor: "The paper was the only thing in her life—along with unyielding loyalty to friends—that she really cared about."

An Editor to the End. When Alicia entered Doctors Hospital in Manhattan last month with a bleeding ulcer, she ignored doctors' protests, ran the paper from her bed, ordering stories, discussing projects, arguing with editors by phone. By taking it easy and following a strict diet, she could have cured her ulcer without an operation. "But she wanted the surgery," said Newsday Editorial Director Bill Woestendiek. "She said she wanted to live her life her way or not live at all." So last week she was wheeled into the operating room. Bleeding from the first surgery required two more operations within 24 hours. That night she died.

If Alicia Patterson's wishes are followed, the dynastic line will not disappear at Newsday. Her choices as successors are Nephew Joseph Medill Patterson Albright, 26, a young newsman in training at the paper, and Niece Alice Albright Hoge, 22. The choice will be up to her husband, who owns 51% of Newsday's stock.

REPORTING

Page One News

The story was one of the best pieces of reporting to appear anywhere in the U.S. press last week. It was in the New York Times, credited to Correspondent Samuel Wilkeson, and carried the July 4 dateline under which it was written— from Gettysburg exactly a century ago. Times editors offered it as memorable reading for the kind of double anniversary marked by the U.S. last week, and played it on Page One. For through Wilkeson's eyes, the panorama of triumph and tragedy of civil war at its most crucial moment came alive again. Wrote Wilkeson:

Blue & Grey. "The battle of Gettysburg! I am told it commenced on the first of July, a mile north of the town, between two weak brigades of infantry and some doomed artillery and the whole force of the rebel army . . . We were not to attack but to be attacked . . . The ground upon which we were driven to accept battle was wonderfully favorable to us . . . It was in form an elongated and somewhat sharpened horseshoe, with the toe to Gettysburg and the heel to the south."

"Lee's plan of battle was simple. He massed his troops upon the east side of this shoe position and thundered on it obstinately to break it . . . Unflinching courage and complete discipline of the army of the Potomac repelled the attack . . . The marvellous outspread up-

on the board of death of dead soldiers and dead animals—of dead soldiers in blue, and dead soldiers in grey—more marvellous to me than anything I have ever seen in war—are a ghastly and shocking testimony to the terrible fight of the Second corps that none will gainsay. That corps will ever have the distinction of breaking the pride and power of the rebel invasion . . .

"Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, whistled and wrathfully fluttered over our ground . . . Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells, an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvellous spectacle of a horse



NEW YORK TIMESMAN WILKESON
With heavy pen.

going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock . . ."

How You Are Envied. "Then there was a lull, and we knew that the rebel infantry was charging. And splendidly they did this work—the highest and severest test of the stuff that soldiers are made of. Hill's division . . . and Longstreet's came as the support, at the usual distance, with war cries and a savage insolence as yet untutored by defeat. They rushed in perfect order across the open field up to the very muzzles of the guns. But they met men who were their equals in spirit and their superiors in tenacity. There never was better fighting since Thermopylae than was done yesterday by our infantry and artillery . . ."

In the end, the Union defenses held, and the rebels were sent into rout. For Timesman Wilkeson, there was glory, but little pleasure in victory. At the height of battle, he had found the crushed body of his son, 19-year-old Lieut. Bayard Wilkeson, a Union artillery man. "My pen is heavy," he wrote that night. "Oh, you dead, who at Gettysburg have baptized with your blood the second birth of Freedom in America, how you are to be envied!"

How to rejoin the 19th Century

One way is to visit the British island of Tristan da Cunha, a seven- by six-mile dot in the South Atlantic.

There, surrounded by pounding surf on rocky shores, live the most isolated and perhaps the most inbred people in the world. Among its 264 residents, there are but seven family names. No new blood has come to Tristan in 55 years.

Earlier this year, LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans spent three weeks on Tristan, sharing with its people the Victorian civilization they prefer. His word and picture story in this week's LIFE is a remarkable account of a people forgotten by time . . . and unwilling to be remembered.

LIFE

. . . A world behind us; the world around us; new world before us: each week LIFE focuses on the many worlds that make up man's existence. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

MEDICINE

RESEARCH

Volunteers Behind Bars

John Richard Russell, 58, was serving a life sentence for murder in Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman when he developed cancer in his left lung. His right lung was also diseased, though not cancerous, and an acute kidney inflammation made it clear that he had not long to live. Not surprisingly, Russell accepted the suggestion of Dr. James Hardy that he volunteer to be the first



BIOPSY FOR CANCER AT OHIO PEN
Also malaria and Asian flu.

human being to receive a transplanted lung. At the University Medical Center at Jackson, Dr. Hardy gave Russell the left lung of a patient who had just died of a heart attack.

Dr. Hardy did not expect the transplanted lung to survive indefinitely. He hoped that before the graft was rejected it would be a crutch to help Russell's right lung recover. In fact, the surgeons were delighted to find that the transplanted lung worked with more than 98% of normal efficiency. Fortnight ago, Russell's kidney disease killed him. But in the last 18 days of his life, he had helped to make medical history.

Variant Virus. The case of John Richard Russell was an extreme example of a widespread phenomenon: much medical progress in the U.S. owes its success to research conducted on prisoner volunteers. The Federal Government sponsors medical research in 15 of its 37 penal institutions, mostly in the bigger ones, which have their own hospitals and plenty of doctors. Usually the projects are conducted by the U.S. Public Health Service.

By far the biggest of the federal projects is at the U.S. Penitentiary in Atlanta. There, to run its malaria research, PHS has installed a staff inside the

walls, with its own offices and laboratories, and a separate ward for the prisoners who volunteer to be bitten by malaria-bearing mosquitoes. World War II's crash campaign to find quinine substitutes depended on federal prisoners. Now, PHS researchers are confident that they have in their vials a still more significant discovery: the first long-acting preventive against malaria.

Of more immediate concern to the average man is the work at the National Institutes of Health Clinical Center in Bethesda, Md., where cons in a guarded ward are exposing themselves to the risk of Asian influenza. Here the purpose is to test the effectiveness of new vaccines that have had to be developed because the Asian flu virus of 1957-61 has been displaced by a variant strain. Vaccination against the Asian '57 strain gives only modest, if any, protection against Asian '62. But volunteers who got a new vaccine developed by Dr. Vernon Knight and his colleagues, and then took a chance on flu, did not get the disease. If these findings are confirmed in the next few weeks, PHS will recommend inclusion of the new vaccine component in flu shots to be given this fall. Eventually, it is hoped, the Bethesda group's work with other prisoners will lead to a vaccine against the common cold.

For their pains, federal prisoners get compensation ranging from a pack of cigarettes up to \$25 in cash. If a volunteer's lot is particularly onerous or carries some risk of major discomfort, the Bureau of Prisons may give him "meritorious good time credits," which shave a few days off his sentence.

Apart from the federal system, at least a dozen states allow prisoners to be recruited for research. The Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus has pioneered in cancer research by providing volunteers who were given injections of cancer cells. The fact that none of them developed cancer has shown that healthy people have some immunity against another person's disease. At the Cook County Jail in Chicago, prisoners have received injections from leukemia victims. They did not get leukemia, and their serum later protected mice against the disease—another clue to the mysteries of immunity.

Profit Motive. Prisoner volunteer programs sometimes get involved in ethical questions when the profit motive becomes dominant. Perhaps the nation's biggest, the program in Oklahoma State Penitentiary at McAlester was being drastically overhauled last week for this reason. It had become a gold mine for private contractors. As the prison's medical director for 25 years, Dr. Austin R. Stough (rhymes with scow) had made deals with pharmaceutical companies to test new drugs. From this, Stough and his partner, Dr. Cranfill K. Wisdom, and their two companies grossed an estimated \$300,000 a year.

The prisoner volunteers got small fees.

Far bigger, and worth at least \$700,000 a year, was a Stough-Wisdom program to supply blood plasma to commercial concerns. Its success depended on the recent finding that a man can donate blood as often as once a week, provided that only the plasma is kept and the red blood cells are promptly reinfused into his arm. Stough-Wisdom got about \$15 a quart and paid the prisoners \$5 a donation. The money and resulting self-respect were good for prisoners' morale. But state officials decided that the program should not be run for private profit, and are turning it over to a research council headed by medical professors.

OPHTHALMOLOGY

Don't Look Now

A total eclipse is due next week, and U.S. medical authorities are as alarmed as a tribe of ignorant savages when the sun is blacked out by the moon. The experts' worry has nothing to do with superstition. They know that after every total eclipse there are thousands of cases of severe damage to the eyes, and some cases of blindness, from careless gazing. Last week such disparate organizations as the American Medical Association, Manhattan's Hayden Planetarium and New York State's Department of Education were busily spreading identical warnings: "Don't look directly at the eclipse."

What makes an eclipse so dangerous is that it works insidiously. As the twilight deepens, the viewer can look at the sun without squinting. Meanwhile, the pupils of his eyes are opening wider—just in time to receive the shattering



SUNSCOPE ECLIPSE VIEWER
Even better: TV.



They called the birth control issue "too sensitive" for a newspaper

"Let sleeping dogs lie," said one public official. "Let us work behind the scenes," said another. "Wait until we settle the issue privately," said a third.

But the Daily News felt the pussyfooting had gone far enough. Convinced that the issue of birth control services for public aid recipients was one of deep public concern, the Daily News developed a calm, careful and thorough presentation of all sides of the controversy.

It touched off a useful public discussion, did such a good job of informing the people that the Daily News won the 1963 Pulitzer Prize for "disinterested and meritorious public service."

But then winning Pulitzers is becoming a habit with the Chicago Daily News. This is our 12th.

Marshall Field Jr., Editor and Publisher

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS



U. S. Steel has a steel that paints itself.

In the last 10 years, production of electricity in the United States has more than doubled. Thousands of miles of new transmission lines straddle the countryside, including experimental extra-high-voltage lines carrying up to 750,000 volts. Until a short time ago, no one would have dreamed of building transmission towers of bare, unprotected steel. But today a remarkable USS-developed steel that "paints" itself helps to carry the load.

The name of the steel is COR-TEN. Its outstanding



resistance to atmospheric corrosion led U. S. Steel corrosion specialists to suggest a startling new use for long-popular COR-TEN steel. Use it outdoors, they said, without paint or galvanizing. The high cost of protective coatings and maintenance painting could be eliminated because of COR-TEN steel's unique ability to "paint" itself. As COR-TEN steel weathers, an oxide coating forms on the bare steel that is dense, tight, and even. The coating forms quickly and prevents additional corrosive penetration. If the coating is scratched, it heals

This mark tells you a product is made of modern, dependable Steel.



Forget it.

itself. Its rich, russet color blends into rural landscapes and, rather than fading, actually improves with age.

Bare COR-TEN steel has proved itself in a tower in an experimental extra-high-voltage line in New England. A famous architect, working with U. S. Steel, selected the same steel for exposed columns and beams which are to be left unpainted in a new Midwestern office building. And if anyone should wonder what a bare COR-TEN steel tower looks like after years of exposure, U. S. Steel people can show you COR-TEN towerwork they

installed in one of their own plants as far back as 1948.

United States Steel is introducing innovations in products and ideas at the rate of better than one a month. Examples: the first stainless steel covered hopper car for "kitchen clean" shipment of dry bulk commodities; new aluminum-coated steel fencing that lasts 3 to 5 times longer than conventional fence; the widest, heaviest rolled steel plates in the world. When you buy steel, why not deal with the company that is first in steel . . . and first in steel firsts? USS and COR-TEN are registered trademarks.

United States Steel



SERRELL HILLMAN: TORONTO Serrell Hillman has been in Canada for *TIME* before. Between 1952 and 1955 he covered the Federal Government in Ottawa. "I found the assignment enormously stimulating," he says, "but in the four years I was away (in the Washington and New York bureaus) this vibrant, growing country has become, if anything, more interesting than when I was last up here. Toronto, for example, has developed from a rather slow moving and highly conservative city into a cosmopolitan and increasingly sophisticated one."

Hillman graduated from Harvard in 1941. "Then," he says, "having been shrewdly rejected by some 50 other papers across the country, I went to work for my hometown newspaper, the *Grand Rapids Press*, and learned the basics of newspaperdom." He added to this knowledge with stints at the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *United Press* and *PM*.

His first assignment for *TIME* was in Chicago where he won the Chicago Newspaper Guild award for excellence in general reporting. Subsequently he covered the Lonely Hearts murders in Michigan, the Harry Bridges and Tokyo Rose trials in San Francisco, the Sergeant McKeon court-martial on Parris Island and the Suez Crisis at the United Nations—and worked on *TIME* cover stories from Robin Roberts to James Gould Cozzens to Anne Bancroft. Hillman crossed the U.S. with Estes Kefauver when he was running for Vice President on the Stevenson ticket, took a leave of absence to travel with and work for Henry Cabot Lodge when he was doing the same with Nixon in 1960.

Hillman finds Toronto a newsy city in a lively province. "But its very bigness and diversity put a premium on the reporter's basic tools—stout and willing legs and alert eyes and ears. I'm fortunate in having a wife who is a former reporter and whose knowledge and judgment are a vast help to me except when she dislikes my copy. Her name—Antoinette DuBarry Campau Hillman—should be the envy of any Canadian politician. It has something for both the French and English." **TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine**



bombardment of infra-red rays that continue after most of the visible radiation is gone. There is no warning pain as the radiation passes through the viewer's dilated pupil and is focused onto the center of the retina, even when the concentrated rays burn a hole in this sensitive, irreplaceable screen. Slight damage to this part of the retina causes incurable blurring of vision. Damage of medium severity destroys all but peripheral vision. More burning of the retina means blindness.

Children's eyes are especially sensitive to damage; for them, as for adults, no sunglasses—not even welders' goggles—are dense enough for safe, direct observation of the eclipse. Neither is a piece of smoked glass. At least two thicknesses of photographic film, fully exposed in daylight and overdeveloped, are needed to make a safe filter. The wiser witness will view the eclipse indirectly, with his back to the sun. This can be done by punching a hole with a pin or sharp pencil in a sheet of cardboard (which serves as a primitive camera) and observing the moon's progress on another sheet of white card a few feet away. The Illinois Society for the Prevention of Blindness recommends a sunscope built from a large cardboard box with a pinhole at one end, a paper reflector inside the opposite end, and a hole in the side big enough for the viewer to stick his head through. (He has to be careful not to block the rays from the pinhole.) To those who find this too cumbersome, the experts suggest the safest plan of all: stay indoors and watch the eclipse on TV.

PARASITOLOGY

The Bedbug's Big Bite

The bedbug has long been known to carry microbes capable of causing human disease, but with advances in hygiene and improvements in pesticides the problem seemed academic for many Western countries. Now, the great increase in tourist and business travel to undersanitized parts of the world means that the bedbug has to be taken seriously once again. And not only for its infuriating bite. Dr. George J. Burton, a medical entomologist for the U.S. Public Health Service who has studied bedbugs in India and British Guiana, says in *Public Health Reports* that the bedbug has been accused of carrying the microbes of no fewer than 30 infectious diseases: anthrax, brucellosis, epidemic cerebrospinal meningitis, leprosy, paratyphoid fever, plague, pneumococcal pneumonia, staphylococcal septicemia, tuberculosis, tularemia, typhoid fever, boutonneuse fever, epidemic typhus, exanthematous typhus, Q fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, relapsing fever, epidemic jaundice (Brazzaville), sleeping sickness, encephalomyelitis, influenza, lymphocytic choriomeningitis, poliomyelitis, smallpox, yellow fever, Chagas' disease, malaria, oriental sore, mannoselliasis, onchocerciasis.



Patent #3,024,825

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MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Jumping for Joy

"There are few activities today that are legal, moral, unfattening—and habit forming. Parachuting is one of them," explains Jacques André Istel, 34, French-born Princeton graduate and the U.S.'s prophet of sport parachuting. According to Istel, it's as easy as falling off a log. Thousands of feet in the air, of course.

Jumping for the sheer joy of it hardly seems like recreation. Back in 1957, only 200 Americans had tried it for fun. But in 1962, some 15,000 jumpers racked up 80,000 descents. Federal Aviation Administrator Najeeb E. Halaby loves it, and so does Brigadier General Joseph W. Stilwell, son of Vinegar Joe.



BAIL-OUT



SPREAD-EAGLED

JOHN WAX



AT EASE

More relaxing than golf?

Interstate Commerce Commissioner William H. Tucker dropped golf to take up the practice of plummeting. His reason: "I found it more relaxing."

Three Hours to Learn. At Lakewood, N.J., where Istel last month opened his second paraport, a beginner is bundled into elephantine jump boots and white coveralls, then given an hour-long lecture on the theory of one-man flight: how the body can be kept from spinning by arching the back and spread-eagling the arms and legs, how to look up to make sure that the chute is blossoming overhead, and what to do if it isn't (yank the ripcord on the emergency chute strapped to your chest). He practices leaping from a dummy aircraft and how to land. After three hours, he is ready for the real thing.

At 2,500 ft., the jumper sits with his legs out the plane door. "Go," says the jump master. As one neophyte tells it: "I flopped out, toppling over on my left side in the air. To shout 'Geronimo' is strictly for the birds. Instead, you're supposed to smile back at the plane (smile to relax, backwards to get the right arching position). I did, but it must have been a ghastly rictus. Then the harness tightened, and I was swinging beneath a big orange-and-white canopy. The sensation is dreamlike. The air is very quiet—you can't even hear the plane's engines. Suddenly the radio in my helmet came alive, and a voice sounded in my ear. 'Turn to the right.' I pulled the right toggle hanging above me, and the chute moved easily to face me into the wind." Following instructions from the ground, the jumper is guided down to a 60-acre circle of soft sand, landing with no more impact than stepping off an automobile hood.

Only Himself. In five years of operation in Orange, Mass., Istel's Parachutes Inc. has had no fatalities. But not all jump sites (there are a total of 300 in the U.S.) are so carefully supervised. In the past two years there have been 32 fatalities. Among the most frequent casualties are novices trying delayed jumps. Entranced by the effortless fall, they forget to open their parachute in time. Another hazardous practice is jumping too near bodies of water, trees, or power lines.

By insisting on safe techniques, Istel has reaped half the \$500,000 business that sport parachuting totaled last year. A first jumper lays out \$30 for instruction and the right to take a dive. Once he has mastered the essentials, a parachuter pays from \$5 to \$7 for a drop (plus \$9 for equipment rental) depending on how long he wants to free fall.

Istel has imported improvements. The jolt of the opening chute is eliminated by the use of a German invention, a sleeve that slowly deploys the inflating canopy instead of letting it snap open with a jerk. Open gores, or pie-shaped sections cut out of the canopy, developed by the British and Russians, per-

mit the parachutist to steer by tugging on the wooden toggles attached to the risers. He insists that for the first five jumps the chutes be opened automatically by a static line attached to the aircraft. After that, the adventurous jumper can essay the free fall, and look forward to the day when he can perform swanlike maneuvers in thin air, until the onrush of solid ground—or his own nervousness—makes it advisable to pop his chute.

A parachutist needs no license. After all, he can only hurt himself.

THE KITCHEN

The Bouillabaisse Sellers

Some are done to perfection, and many are agreeable if not distinguished. But only a famished billygoat could digest most of the cookbooks that are now being published in the U.S. More than 40 have already been published in 1963.

For every cookbook, there are 50 kookbooks, with titles like *The Galloping Gourmet*, *What Cooks in Suburbia*, *Wolf in Chef's Clothing*, *Feed the Brute*, *Wurst You Were Here*, and *Abalone to Zabaglione*. Apparently, publishers will publish anything that has recipes in it. There is a recent book called *Fine Food, Wine, and Pickled Pine*, for example, which is subtitled "The Story of Coventry Forge Inn" and contains a chapter headed "Our Recipes—Haute and Not so Haute."

The negative approach is big these days. Holt, Rinehart & Winston has put out *The Madison Avenue Cookbook* "for people who can't cook and don't want other people to know it." It advises readers to boast that they can "cook the pans off practically everybody" and contains recipes for "Status Stew" and "Stuffed Softsell Crab." Also in bookshops is something called *Why Cook: 218 Recipes by One Who Can't*, and another called *The I Hate to Cook Book*, with such slothful recipes as "Chilly Night Chili," "Simpleburgers," and "Beetniks."

High Altitude. In the search for negotiable gimmicks, writers are turning out books specializing in every kitchen device (*The Mixer, Handmixer and Blender Cookbook*) and every sort of environment (*Cooking Afloat*). Other gimmicks are regional (*A Taste of Texas*), historical (*A Civil War Cookbook*), topographical (*The Complete Book of High-Altitude Baking*) and sybaritic (*The Eating-in-Bed Cookbook*). Random House will soon publish *The Seducer's Cookbook*. Its serviceability has presumably been tested.

For people whose stomachs are majoring in English, there is Linda Wolfe's *The Literary Gourmet*, which contains carefully researched and ably presented recipes for meals that occur in literature, such as the bake meat pies that Geoffrey Chaucer's *Franklin* loved and the *boeuf en daube* that was the special triumph of Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse*.—"It was rich:

it was tender; it was perfectly cooked. How did she manage these things in the depth of the country?"

That French Feeling. But the best (and bestselling) American cookbooks are still the basics—*The Joy of Cooking*, *Good Housekeeping, The Boston Cooking School Cookbook* (Fannie Farmer), *Better Homes & Gardens and Betty Crocker*, all of which have sold in the hundreds of thousands. Constantly updated (*Betty Crocker* and *Good Housekeeping* both have fresh versions



CLASSIC

DEFINITIVE

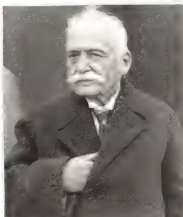
coming out in the autumn), all contain material on high-altitude baking, regional dishes, convenient short cuts, new electrical appliances and so forth, making most specialty books conspicuous superfluities.

But more and more Americans are becoming less and less satisfied with traditional American cuisine. The American palate has a rising passion to be French. From Maine to Oregon, shelves are filling up with an ever-widening variety of spices (spice sales have gone up 50% in the past four years) and with books about French cuisine.

"Choke a Duckling." The newest and perhaps best for the cook first venturing into the intricacies of French cooking, is an extraordinarily thorough cookbook called *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* (Knopf; \$10), written by three women—one American and two French. Explaining the chemical processes that make cooking succeed (or fail), it explains in detail what most French cookbooks assume everyone knows, and carefully tells the American housewife how to adapt to the fundamental differences between French and American materials. (French and American flour are milled differently; in France butter is made with matured cream, while in the U.S. it is all sweet, some of which is lightly salted.) Typically, seven pages are used to explain, with diagrams, the athletic technique for making a simple omelet.

After mastering *Mastering*, the more ambitious cooks can confidently move on to the three great books of the French cuisine. The single volume that nearly all professional chefs use is Escoffier's *Guide Culinaire*, titled in English *The Escoffier Cook Book* (Crown; \$3.95). Obvious as Aristotle, the great chef lays down axioms that are the laws of cooking: superior results can be obtained only with superior materials; the careful preparation of foundation stock is "everything"; care, in fact, is "50% of cooking."

Besides Escoffier, the best chefs consider only two other books essential. One is *Larousse Gastronomique*, the encyclopedic dictionary of cooking, which has sold more than 80,000 copies since it was published in English for the first time 18 months ago at \$20 a copy. The other is the mammoth *Art of French Cooking* (Golden; \$17.50), the celebrated anthology of recipes by great French chefs published in France by Flammarion and known there simply as "*Le Flammarion*." It has held recipes, going some distance toward explaining why all the outstanding chefs in history have been men. "Choke a fleshy young duckling to death," begins one, "and



AUGUSTE ESCOFFIER

For the true fork, a suggestion.

immediately pluck the feathers from the breast so the blood will rush to it."

Mixed Bag. If a housewife is squeamish about strangulation, there is a handful of books and writers that provide an adequately mixed bag of recipes for those of more modest ambitions. James Beard, author of everything from a basic cookbook to *Cook It Outdoors*, is a gifted milker of the cooking-boom cow. Even though students come back from his cooking classes wanting to make crepes zuzette for breakfast, his recipes are interesting and responsible and worth a cross-check with others. Dione Lucas' books (*The Cordon Bleu Cook Book*, *The Meat and Poultry Cook Book*) are certainly above average, although hardly on the level of Escoffier. Amy Vanderbilt's *Complete Cook Book* is sensible enough, but its 6,978 recipes—billed as coming from her personal files—do not have the genuine ring of the 143 recipes in a book like Evelyn Patterson's *Meals for Guests* (Abelard Schuman; \$3.50), which contains recipes from every sort of cuisine, all of which are presented as a result of personal kitchen experience. The housewife who is too tired to cull the big books for recipes that suit her special tastes or needs will find useful something like *A Time for Cooking*, published this month by Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50), in which nearly every recipe takes less than an hour. Betty Watson's new *Dinners That Wait* (Dolphin; 95¢) helps cooks enjoy

the cocktail hour. And *Meals for Two* has long served its titular purpose.

Superlatives Upward. Beyond formal cookbook writing there is something that might be termed culinary writing, which, at its inspirational best, can rise to heights that help a cook become an artist. Whereas the straightforward cookbook tells a cook what to do, culinary writing puts him in a frame of mind to do it. The most resounding name in cookery belonged to such a writer, a distinguished high-court judge who often smelled of decaying quail, which he had slipped into the pockets of his greatcoat and totally forgotten. His name was Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin. Just before he died in 1836, he published his *Physiology of Taste* (Dover; \$1.50), a discursive appreciation of the civilization of the table, in which he made the deathlessly quotable claim: "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are."

Today, Brillat-Savarin's book is to cooking what Isaac Walton's *The Complete Angler* is to fishing; that is to say, a rambling, undisciplined, coy and complete bore. But it stands at the base of a splendid tradition, brilliantly carried on by modern practitioners who generally



SLOTHFUL



SYBARITIC

stud their prose with hundreds of recipes. Among the better volumes are *The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book*, a trimly written and absorbing culinary memoir, and Samuel Chamberlain's *Bouquet de France* (Gourmet; \$12.50), a culinary excursion from town to village to city through the French provinces. Superbly informed, Chamberlain is such a skillful writer that he can begin a chapter with a superlative and work steadily upward from there.

As any true fork knows, a recipe is only a suggestion. No recipe has ever been written that, once accomplished, cannot be subtly or materially altered to flatter the individual taste and imagination. For all the bewildering flow of genuine and bogus recipes (toss in a little pineapple and call the dish *hawaian*, a little soy sauce and it is *chinois*), there are only half a dozen basic sauces and a short list of meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, spices and herbs. The cook who takes the trouble to learn the abecedarian elements of French cooking does not need to buy cookbook after cookbook all her life in a frantic search for something "a little different." Eventually, she can throw away nearly all her cookbooks, keeping *Larousse*, *Escoffier* and *Flammarion* as sea anchors to her own creative whimsy.

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COLLEGES

Boola, Boola Balliol

Architecturally, Oxford's Balliol College is a Victorian Gothic pile of no great distinction: in vintage its statutes are junior to Merton and University colleges. Yet it sits at the head of Oxford's intellectual table—a proud hatchery of Prime Ministers, archbishops, cardinals and viceroys. Of Balliol's 400-odd students, 20% regularly win first-class honors on final exams—a record unmatched by any other Oxford college, not even haughty Magdalen.

This year Balliol (pronounced BALE-yul) is seven centuries old, and it celebrated the birthday in a flurry of sky-rockets, French cuisine and champagne toasts. On hand were 2,000 Balliol gradu-

ates (Prime Minister Macmillan excused himself to dine with J.F.K.) from Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath to King Olaf of Norway and Boston Financier William Appleton Coolidge. Whether or not Balliol really was 700—an agreed age more than a historic fact—they cheerily drank the ancient toast, *Floreat domus de Balliolo*, meaning roughly, boola, boola Balliol.

Conversion at 8. Balliol began as a penance imposed on John of Balliol, a Scottish baron who kidnapped a bishop in a dispute over land, and to make amends endowed a hostel for 16 indigent scholars at Oxford. The resulting college went on to harbor such notables as John Wycliffe and Adam Smith, but its star did not really rise until the advent of Benjamin Jowett, the great clas-

FAREWELL, GROVES OF ACADEME

OUT of academe and into retirement each year go a few rare men who shaped not only individual minds but entire institutions—dynamic deans, prolific professors, reformers of old fields and creators of new ones. This year is no exception. Among the influential who have become emeriti are men whose words and works will be hard to dispense with and hard to forget.

Harvard's "dean of deans" **Delmar Leighton**, 66, is probably remembered more warmly by more Harvardmen than anyone else in the Yard. Alumnus ('19) Leighton spent 40 years giving errands a second chance and trying to hold Harvard to human scale. The son of a truck farmer, he "backed into deaning" after flying for the Marines in World War I, trying the textile business and teaching economics. As Harvard's first dean of freshmen in 1931, Leighton warmed up cold Cambridge by housing freshmen together for mutual aid. As dean of the college in 1952, he revitalized the famed house system by installing bright young professors as "senior tutors" to live with upperclassmen and make the houses the center of Harvard intellectual life. In 1958, Leighton drew commuter students closer to Harvard as first master of Dudley House, a nonresident center with everything (tutorials, athletics) except beds. Leighton thinks Harvard still "needs a lot of fixing." But he has done more than his share, and now he says: "I'm going to retire, period."

Antioch's **W. Boyd Alexander**, 65, was nominally vice president and dean of faculty at the offbeat Ohio school (founded by Horace Mann), where students alternate between regular classwork and jobs far off campus. In fact, he was Antioch's "hidden president" for

nearly three decades—the man who kept the academic fireworks safe and sane. Alexander began as a carpenter, switched to teaching math and industrial arts. Twice acting president, he guided five Antioch presidents in more than doubling enrollment (to 1,670) and faculty, and in raising endowment 25-fold. Antioch now has some 800 students off working in 35 states at any one time. A year-round calendar allows them to earn B.A.s in the standard four years; the jobs help them learn more than students at sheltered schools. Alexander's parting hope: that "we continue to be a force for constructive change in American higher education."

The University of Wyoming is losing lean, granitic **Samuel Howell Knight**, 70, creator of the so-so school's one real claim to academic fame—a crack geology department that lures graduate students from Yale, Stanford and other distant schools. Geologist Knight spent his youth studying the badlands the way a city kid takes in the movies. He might have made a fortune in mining, chose instead to teach on a salary that for 30 years did not top \$5,000. Knight is famous for stunning blackboard sketches using multicolored chalk, and for his summer science camp, which has drawn 2,000 collegians from all over the U.S. One of Wyoming's wonders is the rare, 75-ft. brontosaurus skeleton that he recently assembled in the campus museum. Not least, Knight was the faculty wise man at Laramie for 47 years, a policy shaper under seven presidents. His well-earned title: "Mr. Wyoming University."

Leaving Berkeley is Architect **William Wurster**, 67, shrewd adviser during the university's \$50 million building spree and creator of its new College of

sicist who took over as master in 1870, molding men and minds for 23 years.

Master Jowett disdained "all persons who do not succeed in the world," exhorted Balliol men to do or die the empire over. "Never apologize, never explain," Jowett advised one vicerey-designate in a famous aphorism. "Do you possess the art of picking other people's brains?" he asked another. "This is a great shortening of labor and saves many mistakes." Viewing his office as one of the kingdom's greatest, which it still is, Jowett once found something "offensive to God and highly displeasing to me." No friend of doubters, Jowett is supposed to have warned one lad: "If you do not believe in God by 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, you will be sent down" (booted).

Balliol's current master, Sir David Lindsay Keir, is a legal scholar who maintains Jowett's old stress on under-

graduate minds and muscles via stiff classics, intimate tutorials, rugby and rowing. Graduate research is still rare at Balliol, but science is finally getting its head; of the 39 fellows, nine are scientists and mathematicians. The others remain brilliant eminences in philosophy or Sanskrit—men like Theodore Tylor, tutor in jurisprudence and one of Britain's best bridge players, although he is almost blind.

And Lord Peter Wimsey. Balliol wafes along on a modest budget of \$450,000, costs students about \$1,260 a year, and is well laced with state scholarship boys. To spruce up the premises, it is launching a \$2.8 million birthday fund drive, but bricks interest it less than brains. Only the brightest apply each year, and only about one out of six (including six or eight Americans) gets in. Hardly anyone drops out. "Once they're here," says Master Keir,

"the rest of us help keep them here. We are not rigid."

Since Jowett's day, Balliol has turned out four Archbishops of Canterbury, two Roman Catholic cardinals, famous politicians with names like Lansdowne, Asquith, Curzon, Grey and Amery, plus platoons of ambassadors and lesser British civil servants. Mystery Writer Dorothy Sayers quite naturally made her erudite hero, Lord Peter Wimsey, a Balliol graduate (after Eton, of course). Flesh-and-blood Balliol literary figures include Matthew Arnold, A. C. Swinburne, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Aldous Huxley, Graham Greene, Harold Nicolson, Nevil Shute and Hilaire Belloc. It was Belloc who unabashedly wrote:

*Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again;
And the best of Balliol loved and led me.
God be with you Balliol men.*



Environmental Design. Dean Wurster came to education late; he first built more than 5,000 houses around San Francisco, drew cheers from some colleagues and sneers from others (Frank Lloyd Wright called him "the eminent shed architect"). In 1944, Wurster, who delights in "ordered chaos," became the innovating dean of the architecture school at M.I.T. When the University of California called him in 1949, Wurster took over a feeble, fragmented architecture school that lacked even separate accreditation. Now revamped, it stresses unified environmental studies, from art, landscaping and materials research to big-think city planning. Wurster's unmodified critics call the school "mediocre," scorn its new building (unfinished inside to spur creativity) as "shocking and offensive." For his part, University President Clark Kerr is "amazed and delighted."

The University of Virginia's once sleepy law school is now a national citadel. One famed alumnus is U.S. Income Tax Boss Mortimer Caplin, who after graduating taught two others, Bobby and Teddy Kennedy. The change is due to Dean Frederick D. G. Ribble, 65, great-great-grandson of Chief Justice John Marshall. Himself an expert on constitutional law, Alumnus ('21) Ribble stayed on to teach because the \$1,500 pay looked good at the time. He proved to be a gentle Socrates who "always had a question to answer your

question," a sound scholar and a galvanizing dean with a flair for Ribblesque phrasemaking ("We want the aces, not mere kings"). Ribble's students once had to hold a dance to raise \$60 for a new copy of *Williston on Contracts*; now Virginia's law library is the South's best. Ribble imported top Washington lawyers as guest lecturers, got the Army's Judge Advocate General School to settle near by. Ribble scorns mere grade getters, believes in producing men with "a sense of the meaning and the purpose of the law." He will continue teaching, stressing his fervent philosophy that law exists "to guide human affairs, to avoid friction, to make life fuller."

Harvard is losing its 'Enry 'Igins: Linguist Joshua Whatmough, 66, who speaks everything from Sanskrit and Hittite to Celtic and Lithuanian. Whatmough (rhymes with know) pioneered scientific linguistics, shaped Harvard's department into a world center for mathematical study of language. The son of a Lancashire iron molder, he won scholarships to Manchester and Cambridge, taught Latin in French to Egyptians at the University of Cairo. For 37 years, always sporting a polka-dot tie and a blue cornflower in his lapel, he wrestled with statistical analyses of where language is headed. He calculates, for example, that by the year 3020, English will have lost nearly all of its irregular verbs (like *sing, sang,*

sung) via "selective variation," a Darwinian survival of language that best fits the occasion. Whatmough is equally at home in the past (*Dialects of Ancient Gaul*), and gloats: "I can prove that Homer wasn't written by one man. It knocks the literary critics into their cocked hats." Whatmough still bounces out of bed every day before 4 a.m., plans to continue researching and writing his autobiography—not to be published, he says reassuringly, until he is dead.

The world of U.S. foundations is losing its wise, undisputed dean: Henry Allen Moe, 69, boss of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for the past 37 years. A Rhodes scholar and an Oxford-trained lawyer, Minnesotan Moe gave "Guggie" fellowships the status of a U.S. intellectual knighthood, personally knighted some 5,000 artists, scholars and writers to the tune of about \$1,500,000 a year. Moe's genius was to spot promising people in their 30s, give them time and money to make good their talents. No man has done more to nurture creative Americans (Physicist Arthur Holly Compton, Painter Jack Levine, Composer Aaron Copland, Novelist James Baldwin). Moe will continue such manifold interests as the presidency of the American Philosophical Society, but his infinitely painstaking talent hunt is over. Moe is not a bit sad: "I'm just as content as hell to turn this over to younger men."



Tough, tight-turning **LOADSTAR** is built to solve city delivery problems

This medium-duty conventional-type INTERNATIONAL turns 40 degrees either way. It backs into crowded docks and narrow alleys with less "jockeying" and shifting. The short cab permits shorter over-all length without sacrificing cargo space.

What's more, the chassis is designed 100% to absorb the jolts of city delivery. With a frame that has full-depth frontal section, extra crossmembers and heavy-

duty I-beam front axle, LOADSTAR models give you that "built-in" strength you need in the range of 18,200—46,000 lbs. GVW.

Add other bonus features—roomy, easy-riding cab for driver comfort; low, wide-spread fenders means easy servicing; a choice of eight great engines for economy—and you'll know why you're seeing more and more of these LOADSTAR trucks every day.

To get all the facts on both of these conventional models—LOADSTAR and FLEETSTAR—see your nearby INTERNATIONAL Dealer or Branch.



Weight-saving **FLEETSTAR** lowers cost of hauling 40-ft. trailers in 50-ft. states

INTERNATIONAL designed the compact FLEETSTAR with important aluminum and fiberglass components to drop its deadweight almost 1200 lbs. Yet load capacities of this heavy-duty highway hauler run all the way to 79,000 lbs. GCW. And the 92-in. bumper-to-back-of-cab dimension lets you haul square-nosed 40-ft. trailers in 50-ft. legal limit states.

These FLEETSTAR models have everything! The cab gives the driver great visibility, treats him like a gentleman. The 110,000 psi heat-treated frame has three times the strength of normal carbon steel frames. Alternator extends battery life. "Piggy back" brakes assure safer parking. The tougher your competition, the more you need the FLEETSTAR.

INTERNATIONAL® TRUCKS

International Harvester Company

WORLD'S MOST
COMPLETE LINE



A plumeria is her nurse's cap

As another little touch to help set the mood for your Hawaiian vacation, each of the stewardesses on our flights to and from the Islands wears a fragrant blossom in her hair. (A plumeria or an orchid.)

And for many of these young ladies, the lovely flower is also a nurse's cap.

Once, all of our stewardesses were graduate nurses: our requirement when United introduced the idea of air stewardesses back in 1930.

Soon the speed of new planes and multiplication of airports made this qualification completely unnecessary. However, because of the distance over the ocean to Hawaii, we still have

this requirement. In fact, we're the only airline that has a stewardess-nurse on every Hawaiian flight. With 88 flights weekly (44 each way), this calls for a sizeable nurse corps!

We might add that this special qualification is almost never needed—but we believe that an airline has many human responsibilities and we anticipate the needs of our customers in as many ways as we possibly can.

In fact, this belief in extra care—for *people*—is fundamental with United and stressed among all who work with us. With the great human responsibilities involved, there can be no better basis for running, or choosing, an airline.



THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

U.S. BUSINESS

ATOMIC ENERGY

Turning the Corner

Almost from the moment that the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, physicists and businessmen have been promising that peaceful and cheap nuclear electricity was just around the corner. The corner has been tough to turn. Early estimates of cost and efficiency were overly optimistic; private utilities were wary in spite of \$1.3 billion spent on AEC research and generous Government fuel-cost waivers and reimbursements for design work. But now the corner has been rounded, and commercial nuclear power has gone critical.

In the past eight months, three large atomic-power contracts have been awarded, a fourth bid on, a fifth announced. Eleven nuclear plants are already operating, eight more are under construction, and seven planned.

Fact & Fission. Nuclear power plants are also growing bigger. Six years ago, the first commercial reactor at Shippingport, Pa., generated 60,000 kw. Last week Niagara Mohawk Power announced that it will build a 500,000-kw. plant in upstate New York for \$100 million. New York City's Consolidated Edison plans a 1,000,000-kw. plant in Queens. Among others:

- Pacific Gas & Electric's on Bodega Head, Calif. (325,000 kw.), due for 1966 completion at a \$61 million cost.
- Southern California Edison's in partnership with San Diego Gas & Electric, at Camp Pendleton, Calif. (395,000 kw.) for 1966 at \$100 million.
- Los Angeles City Water & Power Department's, at Corral Beach, Calif. (590,000 kw.), to be in operation by 1967 and cost \$96.6 million.
- Jersey Central Power & Light's, at Oyster Creek, N.J. (500,000 kw.), a \$90 million job bid on last week.
- Connecticut Yankee Atomic Power's (463,000 kw.), a joint operation by twelve New England utilities to be built at Haddam Neck, Conn., by 1967 for \$80 million.

Electrical companies can build on this scale because they are pooling more power over longer interconnecting lines. At the same time, the AEC has encouraged experimentation on reactors that would be bigger and better than current ones that use water to transfer their heat. General Dynamics is working on a reactor that transfers its heat by gases; North American Aviation is experimenting with a sodium-graphite reactor; Babcock & Wilcox is developing a heavy-water reactor.

When Giants Battle. At present, the sales field is dominated by General Electric and Westinghouse, both pushing their own types of water reactors in a competition that one engineer says "is reducing costs faster than scientists ever could." Westinghouse holds an edge in the U.S. market: it won the

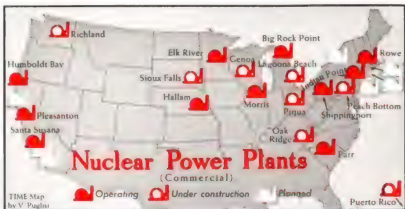
last three contracts (for Connecticut Yankee and the two Los Angeles plants), and has an inside track on Con Ed's New York plant, for which it did the design research. The two companies are knocking heads over Jersey Central's reactor; for General Electric's prestige, that contract is almost a must.

Lower-unit-cost reactors and higher output make atomic power closely competitive with fossil fuels in such high-cost areas as California and New England. After three years, the Yankee Atomic Electric plant at Rowe, Mass., is producing power within 1 mill per kw-h of conventional costs (about 10 mills). Pacific Gas & Electric's first atomic plant at Humboldt Bay, Calif.,

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Efficient Economy

Productivity is one of those tricky measurements that make it sound as if men are working harder and harder, when in fact machines may simply have replaced so many people that the workers left seem more efficient. At any rate, the economy is enjoying a remarkably prolonged rise in productivity. Businessmen do not like to boast about it openly, lest unions ask for higher wages or shorter hours, but industrial productivity has been rising some 3.5% annually during the current, 29-month-old upswing in business—far above the nation's long-term average gain of 2.2% a year.



which went critical two months ago, is expected to equal natural-gas costs at 9 mills. P. G. & E. plans to build twelve more atomic power plants by 1980, and the AEC estimates that commercial atomic power will be competitive everywhere within five years.

Human Reactions. Now that cold costs are coming under control, the industry must wrestle with human apprehensions over safety. Northern Californians have protested that P. G. & E.'s Bodega Head site is too near the San Andreas fault, whose shift caused the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Thick shields and other safety devices have reduced some fears but raise the price of atomic power.

The atomic surge has compelled producers of conventional fuels to refine their own systems, lowering still further the competitive cost point that atomic fuel must reach. Power men are convinced that atomies will surmount this competition when the second generation of reactors arrives. Last week the AEC announced that its Idaho Falls testing station has generated electricity for the first time from plutonium, which actually re-creates itself as it produces power. That breakthrough will speed the arrival of advanced "breeder" reactors that will come close to satisfying man's quest for eternal energy.

PACE & Processes. A host of new processes that save on manpower, materials and money have produced countless efficiencies. In the stockyards of Chicago and Omaha, steers are turned into sirloins aboard conveyor belts that help packers to process 70 cattle an hour, compared with 40 a few years ago, and to do the job with 60 men instead of 150. Jones & Laughlin oxygen steel furnaces in Cleveland recently poured 491 tons of steel in one hour, compared with 60 tons for a similar-sized open hearth shop. Last week Reynolds Metals Co. announced that it had developed a laboratory method of turning bauxite into aluminum without first reducing it to alumina powder,* and that other revisions in its existing production lines will enable it to increase production more than 21% on demand. Expanding its plant at Cumberland, Md., Pittsburgh Plate Glass is setting up a "float process" that will produce high-quality plate by floating molten glass on a pool of molten tin. Since the process requires no expensive grinders, buffers or polishers, the company will be able to double productive capacity by adding only 100 men to its current work force of 700.

* Similar methods also have been developed by Canada's Aluminium Ltd. and France's Pechiney.

Besides automation, engineering advances have enhanced productivity. Engineers at Ford have devised a means of changing dies on stamping presses within minutes during a model run. Printed circuitry and other advances have cut the labor on a television set by 22% in the past five years, even though those technical breakthroughs have increased the bewilderment and helplessness of TV repairmen. Motorola reckons that it has increased the productivity of its white-collar workers as much as 20% by giving them output standards to meet. In a popular new system called PACE, developed by Northrop Corp., inspectors wander through work areas recording what each employee is doing at any given moment and clocking time spent. This has shown that much time and labor go into things such as fetching supplies that are not reckoned as part of the job. PACE is widely used by defense contractors, who figure that so far it has saved them \$107 million.

Problems & Prospects. Increased productivity helps explain relatively stable prices and declining labor costs in a time of economic growth. U.S. Steel's labor costs per ton of steel shipped in 1962 were the lowest in three years. But the increase in labor efficiency also adds to the nation's problem of unemployment—which rose to 4.8 million job hunters last month. A decade ago, one new job was created with every \$10,000 gain in the gross national product; now the increase has to be more than \$30,000.

Some economists expect that productivity will continue to rise faster in the 1960s than in the 1950s. Business capital devoted to more productive plants and machines is increasing at an amazing rate of 4% a quarter, next year is expected to reach a record \$44 billion. While this increase is gratifying to economists, many businessmen say that spending more for productivity eliminates almost as many jobs as it creates.

SELLING

The Children's Market

Children are the true impulse buyers, as parents know. Indulgent aunts, uncles and grandparents know it too—and quite a few businessmen are in on the secret. The small army of researchers who analyze, appeal to, and reckon with children say that the 40 million Americans aged two to twelve strongly influence the spending of one consumer dollar in seven, and affect family purchases of everything from cars to soap. "Once children become impressed," sighs a Chicago advertising executive, "they are very successful naggers."

Buy Me a Mushroom. To impress its Esso trademark on the youngsters, Humble Oil mails out thousands of bird houses, coloring books and popcicle molds among its "gifts of the month." Norge stimulated appliance sales by offering a free children's tent with every purchase. Supermarkets have found that young children, who accompany mothers on 33% of shopping trips, are very responsive to point-of-sale promotions for mushrooms, artichoke hearts and other glamorously expensive foods. It is to children that automakers often direct their advertising campaigns: one Ford station-wagon commercial piles a parcel of kids into a wagon to impress on youthful viewers that in a Ford the whole gang can go with togetherness.

The children's market spreads far beyond candy or toys (already a \$30-per-child year-round business). Furniture stores and some vacation resorts ask TV stations for advertising time sandwiched between children's programs: household cleaners, such as Texitex Chemical Inc.'s Texitex, advertise in what is called "children's prime time." One of the greatest marketing successes in the annals of Colgate-Palmolive Co. is its "Soaky"—several pennies worth of bubble bath in a cartoon-character

plastic toy container, retailing altogether for 69¢. "Kids wield a lot of influence in the choice of a toothpaste," adds an executive of Lever Bros., whose Stripe appeals to the whole household through the children's interest in color and flavor.

Cheers for Chocks. In this age of proliferating specialists, there are now artful people who make it their business to advise companies on the potentials and pitfalls of marketing to children. One Manhattan advertising agency—Helitzer, Waring & Wayne, a specialist in the field—reports an increase in billings from \$400,000 to \$2,000,000 since it opened five months ago.

Marketeers have to surmount one curious problem: many children old enough to choose among brands are too young to read or have limited vocabularies. But 95% of all seven-year-olds are avid televisioners, and TV has made the market what it is. Advertising its Chocks Vitamins with the help of Kukla and Ollie, Miles Laboratories was gratified by researchers' findings that 64% of the young regular viewers asked Mom to buy Chocks and 38% of the mothers complied. Children respond enthusiastically to products that are connected to animated symbols, such as the Bosco Bear or the Campbell kids. But children dislike being talked down to. In advertising its Keds shoes, U.S. Rubber employs "Keds the Clown" for the two-to-six-year audience and space-minded "Captain Keds" for the seven-to-twelve group.

Flicks Flickers. Children's tastes change so rapidly that companies catering to the market survey it constantly to detect each flicker of interest. Popeye is currently out; so are Doctors Kildare and Ben Casey, model trains (they are considered old-fashioned), and tuna fish. Among the current ins: Mr. Magoo, electric toothbrushes, army toys, English bikes, kosher foods, pizza pies, and Frankenstein monsters.



MELLOWING MOM



PURCHASING PASTA



DIGGING ICE CREAM



BUYING BUBBLE BATH

Those very successful naggers influence one dollar in seven.

GROUP W MEANS NEW PERSPECTIVES...



AMERICA: THE ARTIST'S EYE

A series of cameo films blending history and art. Fifteen programs for television tracing America's growth through its art. A Group W-Westinghouse Broadcasting Company-project. Dramatically narrated by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge.

In one program we watch a bare knuckle prizefight through the eyes of American Primitive George Hayes. In another we share modern artist John Marin's view of "Tunk Mountain." "America: The Artist's Eye" is

more than stunning visual sequences. It's a service to television audiences. To our national museums. To a greater understanding of our country's heritage.

Produced by the combined talent and resources of Group W, "America: The Artist's Eye" represents a Group effort to bring enlightened television to the public. And the Group W stations are in the position to do just that. They have creative manpower, management, and financial resources

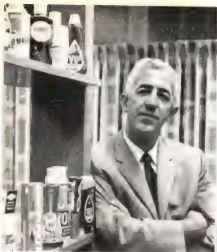
greater than the individual station. They have the local flexibility no network can match. These resources represent an opportunity as well as a responsibility to serve their communities in ways neither individual stations nor networks are capable of doing.

With programs like "America: The Artist's Eye," Group W demonstrates the ability of the broadcasting Group to develop new areas of responsible programming.



WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY

WBZ-TV BOSTON - WINS NEW YORK - WJZ-TV BALTIMORE - KYW-TV CLEVELAND
KDKA-TV PITTSBURGH - WNDU CHICAGO - WDWI FORT WAYNE - KPXV SAN FRANCISCO



ALBERTO-CULVER'S LAVIN
Half for advertising.

CORPORATIONS

Scalping the Competition

In the pink jungle of the toiletries business, Leonard H. Lavin, 43, president of Chicago's Alberto-Culver Co., aims for no less than "the elimination of all competition." While such a goal seems unlikely to all but Lavin, his stalking tactics in only eight years have changed Alberto-Culver from a one-product company (Alberto VO5 hair conditioner) to a rising threat in the industry, with sales last year of \$57 million from 14 national brands.

In the past month Alberto-Culver has brought out three new products: a skin lotion, a shampoo concentrate and an aerosol antiseptic spray that hardens to form a "bandage." This week Alberto-Culver begins test-marketing its New Dawn hair-coloring shampoo for fading women and Mighty White toothpaste, with toy cutouts on the box, for the children's market. Launching products is costly, but markups on toiletries are so high that Alberto-Culver last year earned 68.1% on invested capital. Profits were \$2,300,000. So far this year, sales are up 48% and profits up 59%.

The Strategy. Lavin's successful strategy is to work with a small staff for the sake of maneuverability (only four top executives make the decisions) and to create products for specific markets, launch them rapidly with a minimum of expensive test-marketing, advertise them relentlessly. Creating VO5 hair spray, Alberto-Culver methodically listed 18 qualities that women said they wanted in a spray, then rated all the competitors, point by point, and set out to make VO5 score higher. Though Alberto-Culver was twelve years late in the market, VO5 now has the biggest share of it—23%.

Almost from the moment that his chemists start to work on a new product, Lavin's advertising men are preparing saturation campaigns. Even before Alberto-Culver finished developing its Subdue dandruff shampoo, the admen had filmed the TV commercials. If test

audiences respond enthusiastically to the commercials, Lavin brings out the product. At times Lavin has put more than 50% of his sales into advertising, this year will invest well over \$30 million. Television will get 97% of it.

Making a Score. Lavin is the kind of restlessly imaginative salesman who probably would have done well in anything that involves going for broke in fluid markets. A University of Washington graduate ('40), he worked for a number of small companies (everything from moth cakes to perfume), directed the TV ad campaign that made Stoptette the best-selling deodorant of the early 1950s. Unhappy to see someone else get most of the benefit, he borrowed \$488,000 in 1955 to buy Alberto-Culver and promptly dropped 24 of its 25 small-selling products to concentrate on VO5 hairdressing, began adding a line of new hairsets, rinses and shampoos.

In today's markets, Lavin figures that almost any well-established consumer product can be toppled by a forcefully promoted newcomer. But, he says, "we realize this vulnerability cannot go on forever, so we are determined to exploit it thoroughly before the situation is corrected." Right now, another "20 or so" new products are in the works at Alberto-Culver.

HIGH FINANCE

Winner by a Knockout

When it became evident two years ago that Woolworth Heir Allan Kirby at 68 was losing the proxy fight for control of his Allegheny Corp., his ally Gene Tunney offered some ringside advice: "Sometimes, Allan, you have to get off the canvas to win."

Last week Kirby did that. Having worn down his onetime conquerors, he paid \$10.5 million to buy 1,000,000 Allegheny shares and regain control. Two Kirby allies bought 600,000 additional shares, picked their opponents clean of Allegheny holdings. The sellers were the very men who had beaten Kirby in 1961: Dallas Millionaire John Murchison, 41, and his brother Clint Murchison Jr., 39.

Kirby now owns 43% of Allegheny's common (market value: \$46 million), and his allies another 16%. By October, after special shareholder meetings that the SEC requires to approve transfers in command, he expects to be chairman once again of the Manhattan-based holding company that controls the New York Central Railroad and Minneapolis' investors Diversified Services, the nation's largest mutual-fund complex (assets: \$4.2 billion).

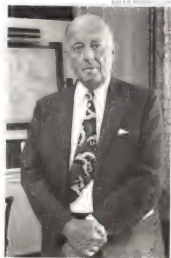
Brick Wall. The Murchisons had not imagined there was so much fight in old Allan Kirby. With most of his \$200 million fortune tied up in big blocks of blue chips, including Manufacturers-Hanover, I.T. & T. and Woolworth, they figured that Kirby would hardly risk more to battle back. But Kirby had a one-word explanation for his persistence: "pride."

The Murchisons in 1961 had won support of uncommitted Allegheny shareholders by promising to get stodgy Allegheny moving again. In control, they concentrated instead on trying to recapitalize Investors Diversified Services. Kirby frustrated the recapitalization plan in court, arguing that it would transfer direct and personal control of I.D.S. from Allegheny to the Murchisons, who are big I.D.S. investors.

Last December, muttering that he was "sick and tired of banging my head up against a brick wall," John Murchison sold 1,500,000 of the brothers' shares in Allegheny, plus an option on their remaining 1,900,000 to an ally, Minneapolis Financier Bertin Gamble, 65. Gamble took over as Allegheny president and tried to make peace. When Kirby still balked, Gamble backed out. He sold 1,000,000 of his shares to a Kirby ally, Murray Lincoln, president of Nationwide Insurance Co. Last week, acting as a go-between for the Murchison brothers, Gamble sold 1,600,000 more to Kirby and his associates.

The Beaten Brothers. Once he is back in command, Kirby hopes to put through a ten-to-one split of I.D.S. shares, which now market for \$209 each, and list I.D.S. on the New York Stock Exchange. He also intends to press plans for a New York Central-Pennsylvania Railroad merger.

Last week Clint Murchison Jr. hopped up on the brothers' private Bahaman island and took the radiophone off the hook; John flew off to Paris. Other Texas financiers, who had stomped their boots in joy when the brothers toppled an Eastern millionaire, were downhearted. More than glory had disappeared with the Murchisons' defeat. A decline in the price of Allegheny from a 1961 high of \$15.50 per share to \$10.63 at present, and their guarantees to make up any losses suffered by big proxy allies, had cost the Murchisons an estimated \$18 million.



ALLEGHENY'S KIRBY
All for pride.



You'll never know you ran over it

A General Dual 90 seals punctures instantly

You can forget flats. A special triple sealant plugs up a puncture at once. Does it permanently. And does it while you keep right on driving.

You can forget blowouts. Nylon Cords embrace this great tire like steel cables.

But you'll never forget dual treads. Stop. Swerve. Merge. Or pass. You'll always feel safe because you'll be safe. The traction is terrific.

And you'll really cash in when you count up the mileage you get. 30% more than ever before. And "before"

broke mileage records for 4 straight years. The reason? Amazing new Duragen, General's exclusive new rubber. It's super-tough.

This may well be the first tire you couldn't wear out before you traded your car in.



WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Common Upbeat

Every one is doing it. The economies of the European Common Market nations, Britain and the U.S. are all rising in a rare parallel movement. Last week in Geneva, the United Nations Economic and Social Council reported that the world's economic prospects have turned around sharply since 1962 because of unexpectedly strong consumer spending, and that "economic activity in the early months of 1963 was marked by the vigor of its upthrust." In Brussels, the Common Market's quarterly survey of businessmen's expectations found "a climate more favorable" than a few months ago.

Sharper Competition. The Common Market economies at midyear are growing at 4.5% on an annual basis.* Britain's growth rate is edging close to the 4% charted by Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, and some economists predict that it will exceed 6% in the second half. Partly because a

2% unemployment rate has steadied labor costs and export prices, Britain's exports in the first half rose 6% over the same period in 1962, its balance-of-payments surplus hit a four-year high, and the pound sterling strengthened.

The situation was somewhat different on the Continent: "overemployment" and inflationary wage jumps (as much as 10% in France this year) held back exports, gave the Common Market a first-quarter trade deficit of \$750 million, and brought about a much more competitive export situation between the Common Market, Britain and the U.S. Rising wages stimulated a consumer-goods boom that has kept the market growing despite a general slackening in capital goods investment. Common Market steel production, at 39 million tons in the first half, was the same as last year's first-half rate, but chemical production is rising by 10% and auto output 15%, should reach almost 5,000,000 cars this year. In growth of gross national product, the Common Market's leaders this year will be Italy (up 6%), France (5.5%) and The Netherlands (4%), while its laggards will be West Germany (3.5%), Belgium and Luxembourg (3%).

Closer Union. Prosperity and new markets are helping to tie together the North Atlantic economies. Last week the U.S. Commerce Department reported that U.S. capital investments in Western Europe during the first quarter of 1963 rose to \$416 million—double last year's quarterly average. The Common Market economies are moving closer together, and last week the Six carried out another scheduled 10% industrial-tariff cut among themselves, bringing their total tariff disarmament to 60%. Equally important, the Common Market Commission recommended that its members adopt another major unifying proposal by Commission Vice President Robert Marjolin of France. The Marjolin Plan calls for the Six to closely coordinate their banking, budget and economic planning policies to head off any tendencies toward recession or runaway inflation.

* U.S. growth: 3.5%.



SHOPPERS IN PARIS



FIAT ASSEMBLY LINE IN TURIN
Marked by the vigor of its upthrust.

BRAZIL

Investors Beware

One reason that Yankee dollars are traveling to Europe is that opportunities in Latin America look dark. Last year U.S. businessmen took \$32 million more direct investment capital out of Latin America than they put in. Last week in Brazil, the U.S.-owned American & Foreign Power Co. found itself in the kind of mess that makes other risk capital feel like not taking such risks.

The biggest U.S. electric utility operator in Latin America, "Amforp" has dams, plants and transmission lines in Brazil worth more than \$350 million. But it has not kept pace with Brazil's growth. The company blames its troubles, and its current unpopularity in Brazil, on politics. Nationalistic politicians playing to the crowds have refused to allow rate increases to keep up with the country's rampaging inflation. Service has gone from bad to dreadful, the government has been crying for Amforp to sell out, and the company itself has been eager to convert its assets into cash. Last April a deal was struck: the government of President João Goulart agreed to pay Amforp \$142.7 million over 25 years, and the company pledged to reinvest \$101,250,000 in other government-approved ventures in Brazil.

Then left-wing Demagogue Leonel Brizola, Goulart's noisy brother-in-law decided to make an issue out of the settlement. "Instead of getting money, the gringos should pay indemnity to Brazil for rendering bad service," he thundered. Unexpectedly and inexplicably, Carlos Lacerda, the militantly anti-Communist Governor of Guanabara state, declared that the compact would cost the government \$600 million and found a right-wing reason for opposing it. He called the contract an effort "to disguise Brazil's progressive entry into the Soviet orbit." Goulart's resolve melted under all the political heat; he ordered still another detailed appraisal of Amforp's assets "screw by screw, fuse by fuse." With the original deal scratched, Amforp is left with the thankless task of operating utilities that drain more money and make more enemies every day.

EAST-WEST TRADE

Russia's Sterling Success

It could have been the annual meeting of any successful London bank. The chairman reported that its total transactions increased 105% in 1962 to \$31 billion, and that profits rose 33% to more than \$1,000,000. But there was something different about this bank: it was the Moscow Narodny Bank, owned and operated by the Soviet government, in the heart of London's City.

Founded there in 1919, the Narodny Bank was only another agency to finance East-West trade until it began

to go capitalist and expanded into a full-fledged merchant bank in the late 1950s under the prodding of a new chairman, personable and professional A. I. Doubonovov, 63, who wears a Homburg. Narodny's prudent bankers handle the extremely sensitive job of selling Soviet gold on the London market, trade actively in foreign currencies, and make short-term loans to British corporations and cities. With a capitalist eye for profit, they even hold \$3.9 million in British Treasury certificates.

Narodny's prime function is still to grease East-West trade, which last year expanded 10% to \$19 billion. When a British or other non-Communist company makes a sale to a Soviet-bloc customer, Narodny will pay the exporter at once, saving him the usual three- to six-month wait before collecting. For Narodny's services, the exporter pays a commission of 3% to 4% of the bill, so that the Soviets benefit doubly from the transaction.

Inside Narodny's five-story headquarters, the only tinge of Red is its massive maroon safe. Clerks work in a Dickensian atmosphere of mahogany panels, marble floors and gilded grillwork. Only the top six officers and one secretary are Russian; the other 133 employees are Britons—and everybody pauses for 4 o'clock tea. Says Doubonovov with a banker's smile: "We observe the customs and conventions of the City of London." One closely observed custom is Narodny's refusal to divulge the names of its many British clients.

Gratified by its success in London, Narodny is branching abroad. Preparing to open a large and modern office in Beirut, it is already pirating clerks from other Lebanese banks.

CANADA

Zeckendorf Retreats

The reputation of William Zeckendorf, 58, as an irrepressible trader in land, leases and buildings hurt him last week in Canada. Under pressure from his north-of-the-border partners, he resigned as chairman of both Webb & Knapp (Canada), which is 63.5% owned by Zeckendorf's Manhattan-based Webb & Knapp Inc., and of Montreal's Trizec Corp., which is 49% owned by Webb & Knapp (Canada).

Like their U.S. parent, the two companies founded by Zeckendorf have fallen on lean times. Last year Webb & Knapp (Canada) lost \$1,264,000, in part because of a slide in Canadian real-estate prices, and Trizec lost \$2,877,000 because costs of constructing its \$100 million Place Ville Marie—Montreal's Rockefeller Center—overshot estimates by \$25 million.

In an attempt to conserve cash, Webb & Knapp (Canada) wants to pay the holders of its debentures in interest notes instead of dollars over the next three years and promises to undertake no new projects. But Canadian money-men were skeptical that Impresario Zeckendorf could really restrain him-



IBUKA & PRODUCTS

Making teen-agers into strolling jukeboxes.

self. So "Big Bill" had to go. His exit at Trizec followed virtually automatically, and the departure was sweet revenge for Britain's Second Covent Garden Properties Co. Ltd., which has a 24.5% interest in Trizec; six representatives of Second Covent Garden had been forced off the board of the U.S.'s Webb & Knapp by Zeckendorf last year.

Zeckendorf was less concerned about his Canadian setback than his crash drive to rescue Manhattan's Webb & Knapp from its dangerous debt load. He has already sold off \$75 million worth of assets, but must sell \$75 million more. His biggest test comes this week when 25 of his properties in New York City will be auctioned.

JAPAN

Small Wonder

The American market looks so promising to Tokyo's Sony Corp., which makes small but thinks big, that it has sent its co-founder to Manhattan to stay two years. The U.S. already absorbs half of the company's exports, and last year brought in 20% of its sales of \$63 million, but Co-Founder Akio Morita, 42, intends to raise Sony's volume. Sony, the world's best-known maker of transistor radios, ships 700,000 tiny sets a year to more than 70 countries, and has helped to turn a generation of teen-agers into strolling jukeboxes.

Addicted to quality, Sony has done as much as any company to demolish the cheap and imitative image of Japanese goods, and is being widely imitated itself. An Italian manufacturer for a while sold a Sony-looking transistor radio called "Sony." Back home, electrical companies from Mitsubishi to Matsushita this year rushed out portable TV sets to compete with Sony's battery-powered, transistorized models, which come with 5-in. or 8-in. screens and weigh only 8 lbs. General Electric also started thinking small, last month in-



SONY ON THE GINZA

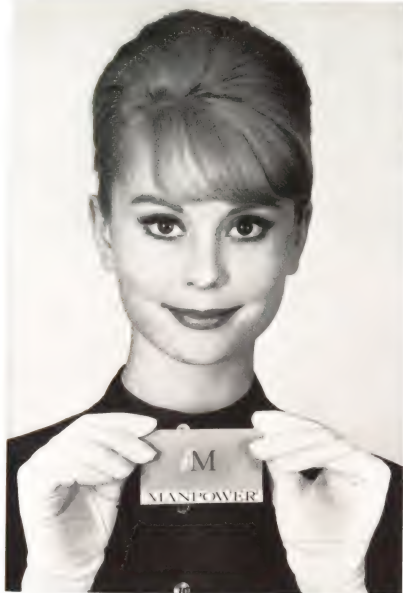
duced an 11-in. plug-in TV set listed at \$99.95—about half of what the portable Sony set discounts for in the U.S.

East Meets West. Though heightened competition challenges Sony's current U.S. sales rate of 15,000 midjet TV sets per month, President Masaru Ibuka, 55, an engineer, plans to double production by late autumn and points out that he has overcome hurdles before. After spending the war trying to concoct a heat-ray gun for the Japanese armed forces, Ibuka, along with Morita, assembled \$530 and eight displaced technicians in a bomb-gutted department store. They started making radio gear.

Many other Japanese tried and failed at the same thing, but Sony succeeded by blending Eastern industriousness with modern Western business technique. The company favors hard-sell advertising, channels about 4.5% of sales into research, and is quick to add its own twist to what others invent. Brags Ibuka: "We have always been the first to see the possibilities in any new discovery and translate it into practical, useful items."

After U.S. scientists at Bell Telephone Laboratories developed the transistor, Sony became the first non-U.S. company to make transistor radios. Older and bigger Japanese companies soon began competing with the upstart, but Sony held its own by successfully invading the U.S. market despite a 12.5% tariff. It now turns out 50 models of radios and a broad line of highly original tape recorders, microphones, semiconductors.

Instant Action. Helped by new products, Ibuka expects Sony's sales to rise 25% this year. Sony is working on a miniature color TV set and a lightweight, transistorized videotape recorder that turns out instant movies. This week Sony will deliver its first recorders to U.S. customers. The cost is still high (\$10,900), but Sony expects to sell a thousand by next June—mostly in the U.S.—to schools, research labs, and even race tracks.



my card, sir!

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MILESTONES

Born. To Robert Francis Kennedy, 37, Attorney General of the U.S., and Ethel Skakel Kennedy, 34; their eighth child, fifth son, and second July 4th baby (the other: eldest daughter Kathleen, 12), whose imminent arrival a week ahead of schedule brought the Marines on the double with a helicopter to fly Ethel, keeping calm, and Bobby, looking nervous, from Hyannis Port to a parking lot in Boston, where a police car took over for the rest of the trip to St. Elizabeth's Hospital for her delivery by caesarean section.

Married. Dinah Washington, 38, jazz record queen (*What a Difference a Day Makes*); and Dick ("Night Train") Lane, 35, durable defensive halfback for the Detroit Lions; he for the second time, she for the seventh; in Las Vegas.

Died. Thomas Percy Henry Touchet Tucket-Jesson, 49, 23rd Baron Audley, sometime playwright, heir to one of England's most ancient titles (dating back to 1313) and third husband (of 13 months) of Actress Sarah Churchill, Sir Winston's star-crossed daughter (her first husband, Comedian Vic Oliver, divorced her in 1945; her second, Society Photographer Antony Beauchamp, committed suicide in 1957); of a heart attack; in Granada, Spain.

Died. René Robert Bouché, 57, brilliant Manhattan portraitist, *Vogue* illustrator, *TIME* cover artist (Jean Kerr, Sophia Loren, John F. and Edward Kennedy); of a heart attack; in Lingfield, England. A slight, wiry, cosmopolitan (Czech-born, to a French father, Hungarian mother), Bouché studied in Munich and Paris, went through "all the isms—expressionism, surrealism, nonobjectivism"—before settling in New York in 1941 to find his real calling: chronicling "the quintessential people of our time" from Arp to Zeckendorf, and producing a gallery always elegant and sometimes profound—as when he painted Elsa Maxwell as a Velásquez court dwarf.

Died. General Bernard Cyril ("Tiny") Freyberg, 74, New Zealand's hero of two world wars, proud possessor of nine battle wounds and many more decorations (including the Victoria Cross), a bluff, towering New Zealander who swam the Gulf of Saros to Gallipoli in 1915, dragging a raft of flares in a diversionary tactic against the Turks, in World War II led Imperial troops in Libya, bloody Crete and Italy, where he once squelched a U.S. general's complaint that New Zealanders never saluted with the crack, "Try waving at them and they'll wave back," returned home to serve as New Zealand's hugely popular Governor General from 1946 to 1952; following an internal hemorrhage; in Windsor, England.



INDEPENDENCE HALL

where you can touch
the Bell that let
freedom ring

Independence National Historical Park covers only five Philadelphia city blocks. Its greatest attraction, the Liberty Bell, is 36 inches high. But this small Bell is the symbol of man's greatest achievement—freedom.

Each year, more than a million people touch it with awe, as have kings, queens, world rulers, presidents. Put your finger to it,



The Syng Inkwell
used at signing of
Declaration of
Independence

and feel the pulse of history. Listen to its story; read the prophetic words inscribed on it in 1752: "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All The Land, Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof."

We almost lost our Bell. When it cracked, it was put away, almost forgotten. Even Independence Hall, our most hallowed shrine, was neglected, offered for sale. But wise men remem-



No glass case for this historic treasure! The Liberty Bell can be touched by every visitor

bered our heritage and worked to preserve it for future generations. They have taught us conservation's lesson: that each new generation must be trustee of our historic and scenic treasures, and preserve others, too, before they are lost. For a nation needs pride in its past to face its future without fear.

There's much of our past in the nearby countryside: Valley Forge, Brandywine Creek and Gettysburg Battlefields. There's a living past, too, in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, where the "Plain People" keep customs unchanged in centuries, including a firm belief in the power of individuals to work out their own destinies.

Our Liberty Bell has power, too. And belief in that power seems to grow with each hand

that touches it, each mind it fires with freedom, each heart it stirs with pride.



History lives again at Valley Forge

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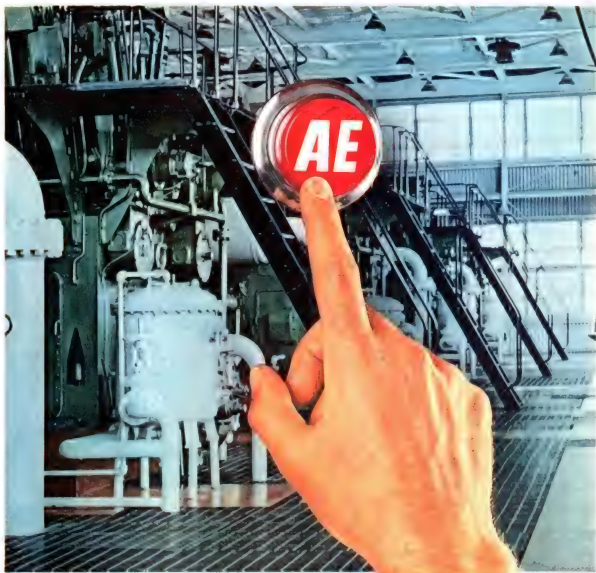
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Decorative "has" signs in Pennsylvania Dutch country



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Automatic Electric is aiding in this search for greater efficiency and economy with a new Automatic Compressor Control System designed for pipelines.

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Whenever fluctuations in demand require a new pressure set point, this AE system automatically starts up compressors, turns them off, or adds additional compressors to the line. Electronic computers calculate the safe and correct speed and loading for each compressor and report back to the dispatcher that all equipment is performing as desired. A "fail-safe" check-before-operate feature insures that the proper commands are initiated and in their proper sequence.

If you'd like to discuss your control problem with an AE expert, just write the Director, System Sales, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

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EKBERG & HOPE
No side effects.

Hopis 45

Call Me Bwana. "No harm intended," says the native chief who has buried Bob Hope right up to his ears in Africa. "Just part of our culture." The same may be said of Bob Hope's 45th movie, but the statement does not make the experience of it any less regrettable.

Hope is a bogus bwana who writes reams about his African adventures but has actually never been anywhere wilder than the Museum of Natural History. Drafted by the CIA, he is sent to the Congo to recover a moon capsule that went slightly off course. The Russians send Anita Ekberg, a bumptious intelligence agent, to waylay him. "If you are captured," Hope is instructed, "take a cyanide capsule. Death is instantaneous and clean." Hope gulps: "You mean, no side effects?"

He decides he would rather take Anita, who poses as the daughter of a missionary. "I feel," she murmurs seductively as they bounce through the bush, "as though layers of civilization were being peeled off me." Hope rolls his eyes. "Wonderful girl," he mutters. "All heart." But Edie Adams, a CIA cutie who has come along for the ride, has other ideas. "There's something about her," she says flatly, "that's false."

And so on. Occasionally there is a nice wacky line (Missionary: "Do you like Buch?") Hope: "I'll drink anything"), but for the most part the picture is sheer bwanality.

Creep Show

Women of the World is another collage from Italian Director Gualtiero Jacopetti (*Mondo Cane*), who pieces together snippets of film with an eye to the ironies of adjacency. On some cutting-room floor he found a covey of beauties, crones, trulls, trollops, moms, boss ladies, drabs, drudges, and just plain broads, and he has put side by side on the screen the anatomical, clinical and professional details of their lives. *Women's* charms include: a Japanese

operation in which breasts are pumped up with liquid paraffin; a trip through a Los Angeles false factory; a window-shopping tour of Hamburg's bawdy-house district, where the fat hussies are on display like so many sausages; a pause for worship in Stockholm with a lady priest; a visit to a Tokyo operating room where almond eyes are reshaped into English walnuts; a look at a European beauty clinic where faces are skinned and new complexions are grown from scratch; a visit to an Australian cemetery where the white-clad members of the Sporting Widows' Association play a jolly game of bowls beside their husbands' graves. There is the inevitable birth of a baby, a particularly untidy sequence accompanied by one of the most agonizing sound tracks ever recorded.

Sex rears its smirky head in the first reel, tiptoes out with a yawn long before the end. Tour guide on this how-long-can-you-leer voyage into voyeurism is Peter Ustinov, past master of the suggestive "uh" ("Hitching rides with strange young men can be dangerous for coeds; you never know how they—uh—drive"). Going to movies like *Women of the World* can be dangerous too; it calls for an awfully strong—uh—stomach.

Florence Nightmare

Tammy and the Doctor. Let's see. In the last episode, Tammy took her nanny goat and her shanty boat and went down the river to Seminola College to learn to talk proper. Well, the Seminola speech department must have thrown in the towel, because Tammy is still babbling her own unearthly blend of Christopher Marlowe and Al Capp. The bayous behind her, she is now a nurse's aide in a big Los Angeles hospital.

"Ah do dee-cla-yuh, ah'm fa-yuh destroyed by Dr. Chay-iz-wi-yuck," says Tammy (Sandra Dee). "When he isn't around, Ah git such a sweetly say-ud emptiness that it jest cree-yups through the cranberries of mah bein'. It's got me plum' discombobulated." Observes Dr. Cheswick (Peter Fonda), with face as straight (and wooden) as a tongue depressor: "I like the way you say things, Tammy—it's so unusual."

In line of duty, Sandra proves to be a Florence Nightmare. She discovers a patient in the process of operating his neck-traction rig, dashes into the room to cut down what she diagnoses as a would-be suicide; she borrows a pair of scissors from the operating room and nearly sends an appendicitis case back to surgery for a reopening when the shears turn up missing in the instrument count. Mercifully, she does not get her possum-petting hands on a gadget in the operating room that goes "ta-pocketa, ta-pocketa, ta-pocketa" while Dr. Cheswick assists on a tricky heart operation

("The microvalve is becoming more atresic," he mutters).

Producer Ross Hunter, who with Screen Writer Oscar Brodney has enriched the world (and Universal Pictures) with three Tammy sagas so far, promises more to come: "Give 'em what they want, I always say, until they don't want it any more." Perhaps the time has come for a straw vote.

Down the Old De Mille Stream

Buddha. Shudder at the spectacle of human sacrifice! Thrill to the dance of the temptresses! Cringe as the prince's eyes are poked out! Weep as the princess commits hara-kiri! Marvel at the miracle of the thousand lamps! Tremble while the mammoth, four-armed idol splits asunder! Do a double take when Buddha says: "Do not overdo anything."

Japanese Moviemaker Masaichi Nagata takes a ride down the old De Mille stream and soon finds himself up Spectacular Creek without a paddle. This footless, episodic epic on the life and teachings of Gautama Buddha tries to crowd everything in Buddhist literature into one elephantine moving picture. The parallels between Japan's first bid for a slice of the supermovie market and the Biblical pageantry of Samuel Bronston and Dino de Laurentiis are numbing: skyscraper temples to sinister gods, unseen choirs zum-zumming on the sound track, corps of nimble nautch dancers in every other reel. And when it comes to uplifting the masses or spreading the gospel, *Buddha's* producers are no more missionary than the others. They aim for yen, not zen.



SPLIT IMAGE
No uplift.

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to spend the next five weeks of the summer of 1963 as a special pupil of Arnold Palmer.

Mr. Palmer has worked for a year with the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to set down in five installments the wisest, most effective, most penetrating, most provocative counsel about golf ever put into words. Artists and photographers have enhanced these words in such a way that anyone, participant or spectator, can derive more enjoyment and satisfaction from the game that Palmer calls the "greatest mankind ever invented." The result is that you feel you are not just a tag-along member of "Arnie's Army," but that you are actually in the presence of Palmer himself, pleasantly and personally partaking of the wisdom he has acquired as the nonpareil of modern golf.

By way of sample, here are some excerpts:

Whole series of books have been written analyzing the hitting of a golf ball as if it were a rocket launching that involved half a million complicated parts, any one of which might suddenly fail. It isn't.

* * *
Rare is the golfer with a good grip. Even some of the touring pros have never learned its secret.

* * *
Keeping your eye on the ball is absolutely no guarantee at all that you will hold your head steady.

All the standard advice about shifting the weight to the right foot when starting the backswing, and shifting back to the left foot on the downswing, is completely unnecessary. It is worse than that, it is confusing and harmful.

* * *
You cannot order your body, "Digest that food, stomach," "Beat slower, heart," "Secrete more bile, liver." Neither can you successfully think yourself into the right position at the top of your backswing.

Some time when you're feeling nice and relaxed on a good warm day, and aren't playing for blood, go out on the course with nothing longer than a 6-iron in your bag. Just take along your 6, 7, 8 or 9-irons, your wedge, and your putter. Now you can't possibly hit the ball more than about 150 yards. You may think you're playing under a horrible handicap, but just see how many strokes it adds to your score. You may even find yourself with your best score of the season.

Golf takes more mental energy, more concentration, more determination, than any sport I know.

* * *
Next time you come up to the final holes, take stock. How do your legs feel? Your shoulders? Honestly, now? Are they getting tired? It is nothing to be ashamed of. Confess it and alter your game accordingly. Settle for a little shorter backswing, a little less distance on the drives. The 16th, 17th, and 18th don't have to spoil your day.

Let that stand as a brief example.

I know you will follow Palmer's wisdom right through to the end of Part V, which is:

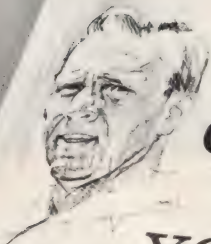
I hope these articles help you play better golf. I am confident that they will. But mostly, I hope that they help you enjoy the game more, both as a player and as a spectator. I am in love with the game. I want everybody to be.

Look for the July 15th cover reproduced here in black and white. It is your introduction to five great weeks with Arnold Palmer and a lifetime of greater enjoyment of the great game of golf.

Bradley L. Kane
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GAME
AND
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BOOKS

I Want to Know Y

FLY AND THE FLY-BOTTLE by Ved Mehta. 269 pages. Atlantic Press. \$4.95.

Socrates, as everyone knows, was a tiresome old man who used to button-hole youths on the streets of Athens and teach them to think straight by making them talk in circles. In their confused gratitude, Athenians served Socrates liberally with hemlock. Since then, relations between philosophers and the man in the street have been, at best, remote.

Anyone who feels that this sorry state should (or could) be rectified had better read *Fly and the Fly-Bottle*. A spirited if bewildering attempt by a young Indian writer to bring a gaggle of contemporary British thinkers into popular

it is a bit too successful in communicating to the reader the author's own state of quizzical bemusement as he plunges into a metaphysical brier patch. Despite many personal details (Bertrand Russell, we learn, smokes a pipe and reads detective stories) and ostentatious visual descriptions of each philosopher's appearance (which the author obviously had to ask for), it is difficult from Ved Mehta's elliptical notes to get a good grip on just what the men are or what they stand for.

What finally remains—perhaps this is all Ved Mehta wanted to convey—is the topsy-turvy recollection of a dozen or so charming fellows, many of whom seem to engage in a kind of verbal nit picking, identified with Oxford and known as "linguistic philosophy." Language is the gateway to knowledge, goes the argument, and analyzing ordinary language is the best way, if not to solve,

unutterably comic to the layman. "He maintained, for example," Fellow Philosopher Bertrand Russell once reported, "that all existential propositions are meaningless. This was in a lecture room, and I invited him to consider the proposition: 'There is no hippopotamus in this room at present.' When he refused to believe this, I looked under all the desks without finding one; but he remained unconvinced."

Telescope or Microscope. Historians quarrel more than philosophers in Ved Mehta's book, but they seem easier to read (and write) about, perhaps because their haggling hinges upon some old and recognizable problems: What is history? How should it be studied?

From history seen (by Arnold Toynbee) as the cyclical flowering and dying of contemporaneous cultures to history presented merely as a patternless step-by-step unfolding of events, all the old theories still persist. And between Toynbee's long-range telescope and the microscope of such historians as C. V.

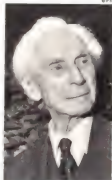


VED MEHTA
Scout in the brier patch.

focus, the book leads to two almost inescapable conclusions. One: British philosophers are seldom intelligible even to one another. Two: Author Mehta, who calls himself an intellectual journalist and writes for the *New Yorker*, did well to devote some of his interviews to historians.

Topsy-Turvy Recollections. Ved Mehta's approach is refreshingly direct. Although he has been blind since the age of three, he courageously taught himself to navigate the world without benefit of cane or canine, studied at Pomona College and Oxford. Stopping off in London recently, and finding philosophers bickering and historians snickering at each other from behind the learned journals, he resolved to talk to them all and see what the fuss was about.

But as a journalist, Ved Mehta is not quite up to his own assignment. The most charitable view of his book is that



RUSSELL



TOYNBEE



TREVOR-ROPER



WITTGENSTEIN

Can it be that they don't know they know?

at least to understand problems. Present-day Oxford philosophers have little patience with the philosophers of the past who wrestled mightily with ethics, metaphysics and transcendental abstractions. As one thinker explained to Ved Mehta: "Why bother listening to men whose problems arose from bad grammar?" Ved Mehta sums up: Once philosophers asked "What is truth?" Now they say, "Look at all the different ways the word true is used in ordinary speech." All these ways summed up is all that can be known of truth.

Hypothetical Hippopotamus. Dryly reporting on knotty puzzles ("If I know that Y is the case, is it possible for me not to know that I know it?"). Ved Mehta often makes the philosophers sound like an act from *Beyond the Fringe*, never more so than in his scattered notes on Ludwig Wittgenstein, who died in 1951 after helping to father the linguistic movement, and who is regarded as a giant by most British philosophers. "What is your aim in philosophy?" Wittgenstein once asked himself, and promptly replied, "To show the fly the way out of the fly-bottle." Wittgenstein emerges as the kind of brilliant eccentric who will always seem

Wedgwood, there is room for a voluble difference in views. Moralists like Sir Isaiah Berlin insist that historians must pass judgment on the past. A.J.P. Taylor, who has been roundly attacked for implying that Hitler operated on power principles just as serious and rational as those of Churchill, thinks the past can be judged only on its own terms. Between them lies a determinist like E. H. Carr (author of *What is History?*), who insists that the past passes judgment on itself by what happened—the victorious forces in history, he seems to say, are the right ones.

Scourge of them all is terrible-tempered H. R. Trevor-Roper, Regius professor of modern history at Oxford. Trevor-Roper writes little history himself but angrily blitzes the offerings of his contemporaries. Determinists are wrong, Trevor-Roper grows, because they leave no room in history for decisive accidents and strange contingencies. Toynbee, he says, is just as foolish in believing that Western society may one day be saved through the growth of a syncretic faith blending half a dozen contemporary religions.

Finding no ground for agreement, Ved Mehta disconsolately turned for a



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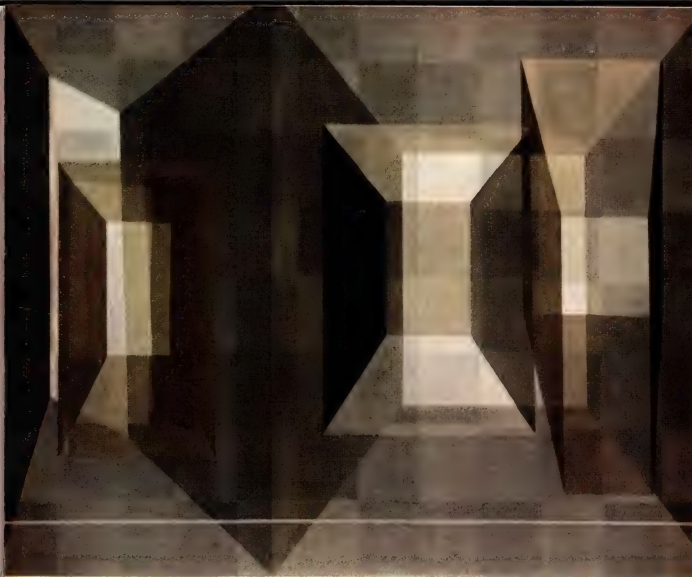
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summation to Dutch Historian Pieter Geyl. "History," said Geyl (proving that, if nothing else, he has studied his fellow historians), "is an argument without end."

He Drained the Dregs of Man

THE LIFE AND IDEAS OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE by Geoffrey Gorer. 250 pages. Norton. \$5.

"This is the most impure tale that has been written since the world began," the Marquis de Sade said of his novel *Les 120 Journées de Sodome*; and the world has tended to agree. *Les 120 Journées* has been banned almost everywhere—even in France, and so have most of the rest of De Sade's works, which describe in relentless detail murder, torture, coprophagy, and sex orgies that are a triumph of human engineering. "Here I am," boasts a De Sade heroine during an epic orgy, "at one stroke incestuous, adultery, sodomite; and all that in a girl who only lost her maidenhead today!"

If De Sade's books were only pornography, they would long ago have been forgotten. But the pornographic passages are ostensibly meant to demonstrate De Sade's passionately held conviction that man is at heart a criminal. Now that recent history—world wars and totalitarianism—has provided evidence on his side of the case, De Sade has been enjoying a revival. He has fascinated such unsadistic modern writers as Albert Camus, Edmund Wilson, Simone de Beauvoir, and Roman Catholic Historian Christopher Dawson. Geoffrey Gorer, a British anthropologist, treats the violent marquis much too nicely. He almost turns him into a cranky English squire. Even so, Gorer discovers in De Sade "a misanthropy that is unequalled in human history."

Rogue at the World. In an era when the philosophers of the French Enlightenment were arguing that man was a rational being whose natural instincts were good and had only to be allowed free expression to achieve the millennium, De Sade insisted that man's true instincts were to steal, rape and murder. Since nature is cruel and destructive, he reasoned, man must be too. Committing a murder, in fact, is simply lending nature a helping hand. "What difference does it make to nature," asks a homicidal aristocrat in the novel *Justine*, "if a mass of flesh that is shaped like a biped today is reproduced tomorrow in the form of 1,000 different insects?"

But De Sade's elaborately reasoned philosophy often seems written to justify his own special taste for vice and violence. Did he have to describe so many bloody orgies, and participate in so many, to prove his philosophical point?

Joining the army at 14, De Sade was soon launched on a program of orgies. When he was discharged, his father forced him to take a rich, respectable wife, whom De Sade found "too puri-

tanical and too cold." The honeymoon was scarcely over before De Sade went back to his orgies, which his ever faithful wife helped him to prepare.

Even in an age of sexual laxity, the marquis was often in prison for sexual offenses. In a frolic in Marseille, four prostitutes took turns flogging De Sade with a twig broom (they had refused to use his favorite whip studded with nails). Then De Sade fed a girl candies which she claimed were poisoned, but which De Sade insisted were only aphrodisiacs. The girl became so ill she went to the police. De Sade, who skipped town in the nick of time, was condemned to death *in absentia* and burned in effigy. When he ran off with his wife's younger sister, his mother-in-law finally had enough. She trapped the wily marquis and had him flung into prison.



THE MARQUIS DE SADE
Worse than 1,000 insects?

De Sade was horrified by prison but hardly cowed. He wrote a typically arrogant appeal to his wife: "Imperious, quick-tempered, uncontrolled, extreme in everything, with an unbridled imagination about sex that has never been equaled—there you have me; and once more, either kill me or take me as I am, for I shall not change." Cut off from sex, De Sade wrote about it—incessantly. His novel *Aline et Valcour* was mild enough; it contained only one poisoning and just a few flagellations. But De Sade's rage at the world was irrepressible. In two other novels, *Justine* and *Juliette*, he created an aristocracy of sexual pervers who inhabit lonely castles where they have unlimited license to commit foul crimes; where the most heroic is the most corrupt; where the true heroine does not try to preserve her virtue but to lose it as

quickly as possible. Eventually, De Sade could not put on paper crimes vicious enough to satisfy him. "To attack the sun," he wrote, "to deprive the universe of it or to use it to set the world ablaze—these would be crimes indeed!"

Madness & Insight. During the French Revolution, De Sade was released from prison and found himself something of a hero because of his attacks on the established order. He was even made a judge. But the man who endorsed private crime was repelled by institutionalized murder. "Murderers, prisoners, fools of every country and every government, when will you prefer the science of knowing man to that of shutting him up and killing him?" He let off so many aristocrats who came before him, including his hated mother-in-law, that the revolutionaries clapped him back into prison to be guillotined. The day he was to die, Robespierre was overthrown and the Terror ended.

Free again, De Sade gave up public life in disgust and returned to his private orgies. Accused of writing an obscene pamphlet ridiculing Napoleon and Josephine, he was incarcerated for the last time—in an insane asylum. There he amused the inmates by staging his plays, which had flopped outside the asylum but were a big hit within. "This man is not insane," De Sade's last doctor declared, "he is just mad about vice."

Despite that madness, De Sade's writing showed an early insight into the makeup of man. Before Freud, De Sade saw that cruelty can be part of sex and that men often get pleasure from the pain of others. Man's aggression finds an outlet, one way or another. De Sade was convinced. Better for him to discharge his aggressions by whipping a sex partner than in repressing them, for they would reappear unconsciously in more virulent forms: legal punishment, revolution, war. In an era of freer discussion of sex and its meaning, the reasons for revival of interest in De Sade are perhaps best indicated by the opinion of Simone de Beauvoir: "Sade drained to the dregs the moment of selfishness, injustice and misery. He chose cruelty rather than indifference. This is probably why he finds so many echoes today, when the individual knows that he is more the victim of men's good consciences than of their wickedness."

The Jew-Wedge-Du-Gish

FORGOTTEN PIONEER by Harry Golden. 157 pages. World. \$4.

They did not carry long rifles or travel in prairie schooners, and there was not a Daniel Boone in the lot. They were peddlers. In their 140-lb. packs, they carried free enterprise in its purest form to the frontier. Inexpensive needles, thread, piece goods, fancy notions, buttons and furbelows, even snake oil, but these were what the pioneers needed—the thousand tiny common denominators of civilization. Most ended with little more than sore feet. But some



A battle begins...

Gettysburg, July 1, 1863: Confederate and Union troops were skirmishing for position on the first day of this historic battle.

On that same day, in Chicago, a bank was opening for business.

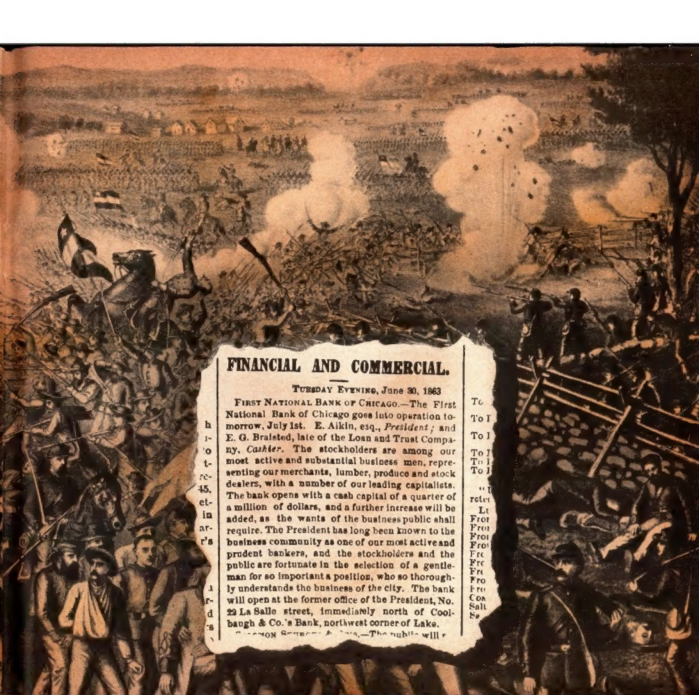
If the two events seem unrelated, look back to the earlier part of 1863. The economy was on the brink of chaos. 12,000 kinds of currency were in use—much of it counterfeit. And taxes couldn't begin to meet the \$4,000,000-a-day cost of the war.

To strengthen the economy, President Lincoln signed the National Currency Act into law on

February 22. This Act established a single national currency and a system of federally-chartered national banks. Because these banks were required to secure the money they issued with U.S. bonds, the government was provided a new and steady market for bonds to finance the war.

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TUESDAY EVENING, June 30, 1863

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—The public will

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a bank is born

tomer (who borrowed \$1000 to build a barrel-making factory). His business flourished . . . as did hundreds of others in a booming Chicago. Through the best and the worst of times, we, and the city, have continued to grow. In this, our 100th year, our financial interests carry far be-

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who began as peddlers created American business dynasties: Samuel Fels of Fels-Naptha soap, Department Store Founders Adam Gimbel, Benjamin Altman and Marshall Field, and Meyer Guggenheim, whose family made a fortune in copper.

Harry (*Only in America*) Golden, whose brother Jacob came to the U.S. in 1905 and peddled to support his family, tells the story of the peddlers and, in a leisurely introduction, offers insights into life on the road. He invents two typical peddlers—a Connecticut Yankee and a Carolina Israelite—and lets them tell their own tales.

The Jewish peddlers, he maintains, were some of the first white men who dealt fairly with Indians and Negroes. The Cherokee called them *jew-wedge*.



STRAUSS



FIELD



GUGGENHEIM



GIMBEL

Snake oil, notions and sore feet.

du-gish (literally, "the egg eaters") because, to avoid breaking kosher rules, they lived almost exclusively on hard-boiled eggs while on the road. Unlike town merchants in the South, the Jewish peddlers cultivated Negro customers, entered their names respectfully in ledgers as "Mr." or "Mrs.," extended them credit, and let them try on clothing before a sale. The Jews were rarely greeted with hostility. Bible Belt fundamentalists believed they were the living witnesses to the Old Testament. Often one was asked, "Are you a Methodist Jew or a Baptist Jew?"

Golden winds up with the tale of a peddler whose first name is still a household word. He was a Bavarian immigrant named Levi Strauss. He sailed to San Francisco in 1852 with a batch of denim canvas. Strauss hoped to sell the fabric for tenting, but noticed that the men needed pants that would hold up in the rugged gold-mining hills of California. The canvas started his inimitable blue jeans, called Levi's, walking all over the world.

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A romantic couple, a man and a woman, are standing on a stone balcony or set of stairs in front of a stone building with a gothic-style arched doorway. The woman is wearing a yellow cardigan over a red top and a grey skirt, and the man is wearing a grey blazer over a light blue shirt and brown trousers. They are looking at each other and smiling. A pack of Kent cigarettes is overlaid on the right side of the image, partially obscuring the man. The pack is white with a gold crown logo and the word 'KENT' in bold black letters. Below the brand name, it says 'CIGARETTES', 'NEW', 'INCLUDES MICRONITE FILTER', and 'KING SIZE'.

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